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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Orlando Innamorato. Translated into prose from the Italian of Francesco Berni, and interspersed with extracts; in the same stanza as the original. By William Stewart Rose. 13mo. pp. 279. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1823.

THE age of chivalry, like that of fairy land, is one of those beautiful dreams of *olden time* that come on the imagination with a colour and grace, just rescuing us from being the mere creatures of the common-places ever around the *present*. To read any of those wild tales, we must forget we are the men of another race, that we live among hills, turtle soup, cards, quadrilles, &c. and become, at least in fancy, gallant knights or lovely dames, the first or the fairest in the tournament. We should read them between dreaming and waking, alone in the green wood, with the red light of the setting sun in the dusky boughs, till the waving larches seem transformed into graceful damsels, and the tall pines to stately warriors;—or by the sea-beach, with high cliffs like enchanted castles around. The *Orlando* is not to be read in a drawing-room. But lest it be supposed that we are actually infected with Don Quixotte's mania, we must proceed, with all due critical rationality, to judgment on the translation now before us. Mr. Rose's own words will give the best idea of the plan:

"This project is to give a mere ground-plan of the Gothic edifice of Boiardo, upon a small scale, accompanied with some elevations and sections of the chambers; which I have sought to colour after my original; or, (to speak more plainly,) the reader is to look for the mere story in my prose abridgment, while he may form some notion of its tone and style from the stanzas with which it is interspersed."

As the *Innamorato* of Boiardo is the commencement of Ariosto's *Furioso*, it may not be amiss to quote the parallel between the two poets:

"The story, indeed, which seems most likely to interest the English reader, is that which took a strong possession of the imagination of Milton, who refers with more apparent enthusiasm to the *Innamorato*, than to the *Furioso*, and whose apparent preference is justifiable, if a richer stream of invention, and more consummate art in its distribution, are legitimate titles to admiration.

"In this latter qualification more especially, Boiardo, however inferior as a poet, must be considered as a superior artist to Ariosto; and weaving as complicated a web as his successor, it is curious to observe how much he excels him as a story-teller. The tales, indeed, of Ariosto, (and the want of connection among these is, in my eyes, his most essential defect) are so many loose episodes, which may be compared to parallel streams, flowing towards one reservoir, but through separate and independent channels. Those of Boiardo, on the contrary, are like waters, that, however they may diverge, pre-

serve their relation to the parent river, to which their accession always seems necessary, and with which they réunite, previous to its discharging its contents into their common resting-place."

Boiardo, however, is not the sole author of the present poem; "the edifice which he lived not to finish," was brought to perfection by Francesco Berni; of whom and his predecessor a slight biographical notice is given, followed by some excellent remarks on the veins of allegory and humour that run through the poem. From the poem itself we choose the following story, both as being one of the best and one of the most easily detached episodes:

"There lived of late, in Babylon, a cavalier, called Iroldo, who had for his wife a lady named Tisbina, to whom he was passionately attached. Near them dwelt a Babylonian gentleman, named Prasildo, rich, gay, courteous, and valiant; who, making one of a party of both sexes, in a garden, where a game was played which admitted familiarities between them, fell desperately in love with Tisbina, whom he vainly solicited by every kind of gallantry and magnificence.

"All his efforts were however unavailing; and, disappointed in his hope, he fell into a state of melancholy which rendered life intolerable. One only occupation seemed to afford him some little relief. This was to brood over his sorrows in a wood, situated at a small distance from Babylon.

"As he here one day indulged his grief, (and it grew by indulgence,) he fell into such a fit of passion, that he determined, after a broken soliloquy, to slay himself and die with the name of Tisbina on his lips. By a strange accident, his intention was overheard by Iroldo and Tisbina herself, who were walking together in the wood. They were both moved to compassion; and Iroldo insisted upon Tisbina's offering some consolation to the despairing lover.

"Her husband leaving her, that she may execute this purpose, she comes upon him as if by accident; pretends that, though modesty has hitherto restrained her, she has not been insensible to his tenderness; and assures him, that if he will give her an indubitable proof of his devotion, in undertaking an adventure which she has at heart, she will reward him with the possession of her person.

"She then tells him that beyond the woods of Barbary, there is a garden, which is surrounded by an iron wall, to be entered through four gates. These are respectively called the Gate of Life, of Death, of Riches, and of Poverty.

"In the centre (she said) was a tree, whose top was an arrow's flight from the ground, with leaves of emerald, and golden fruit. Of this tree she required a branch, and again renewed her assurance of the price which she would pay for the acquisition. Prasildo joyfully promised it, and would have promised sun, moon, and stars, as easily as the

achievement of the adventure; upon which he immediately departs.

"The lady, it appears, dispatched him to the garden of Medusa, for so it was called, that he might find a cure for his love in absence and in travel: or, if he reached the spot, might find there a yet surer remedy for his distemper. For the sight of Medusa, who was to be found standing under the wonderful tree, occasioned every one to forget the errand he came on, and, if he had any speech with the dame, his very name and self.

"Prasildo, departing on this forlorn enterprise, traversed Egypt, and arriving near the mountains of Barca, encounters an old man, to whom he relates the object of his expedition.

"The old man assures him that fortune could not have directed him to a better counsellor, and immediately furnishes him with his instructions.

"He begins by telling him that the gates of Life and Death are never used as entrances to the enchanted inclosure; and that it is only through the gate of Poverty that man can penetrate into the garden of Medusa. He next informs him that Medusa herself guards the marvellous tree; whose appearance deprives whoever sets eyes on her of his memory; but that she is to be terrified into flight by the reflection of her own face.

"He therefore counsels Prasildo to provide himself with a shield of looking-glass, being in other respects naked; for such appearance is a fitting guise for entering the gate of Poverty. 'This (he observes) is the most terrible and the most severely guarded of all, being watched by Misery and Shame, Cold, Hunger, Melancholy, and Scorn. 'There,' said he, 'is to be seen Roguery stretched upon the ground, and covered with itch, and (in strange union) Industry and Laziness, Compassion and Desperation.'

"Having succeeded in the enterprise, and torn off a branch of the tree, you will seek the opposite gate,' he pursues, 'by which you are to retreat; and will there find Wealth seated, and on the watch. Here you are to make an offering of a portion of the branch, that Avarice, who plays the porter, may open to you quickly; a wretch who asks the more, the more you give. Here, too, you will see Pomp and Honour, Flattery and Hospitality, Ambition, Grandeur, and Favour: then Inquietude and Torment, Jealousy, Suspicion, Fear, Solitude, and Terror. Behind the door stand Hate, and Envy with a bow for ever bent.'

"Prasildo having received his full instructions, now crosses the desert, and, after thirty days' journey, arrives at the garden. Here he easily passes the gate of Poverty, the entry of which no one defends. On the contrary, there ever stands some one near it, to encourage and invite.

"Having entered the inclosure, he advances, holding his shield of glass before his eyes; and reaching the tree, against which Medusa was leaning, the Fairy, who raises her head at his approach, and beholds herself

in the mirror, takes to flight; scared, it seems, by seeing reflected in it the head of a serpent; though in other eyes her beauty is divine. Prasildo hearing the Fairy fly, uncovers his eyes, which were before protected by his shield, and leaving her to escape, goes directly to the tree, from which he severs a branch. Then, pursuing the directions received, makes for the opposite gate, where he sees Wealth, surrounded by her followers. This gate, which is of load-stone, never opens without noise, and is for the most part shut: Fatigue and Fraud are the guides who conduct to it. It is, however, sometimes open; but requires both luck and courage to enable any one to profit by the chance. It was open the day Prasildo came, and he made the offering of half the bough, as he was instructed, and escaped with the remainder of his prize.

"Transported with pleasure, he issues from the garden, passes through Nubia, crosses the Arabian Gulf with a fair wind, and journeys day and night till he arrives in Babylon.

"Arrived there, he sends immediate news of his success to Tisbina, who is in an agony at learning the unexpected result of her device. Iroldo is rendered equally miserable, but insists upon the necessity of her redeeming her promise, though he knows he cannot survive its execution. She feels that she can as ill survive Iroldo; and they at last resolve, that faith must be kept with Prasildo, and that they will both die. They accordingly send to an aged apothecary for a deadly draught, which they divide between them; and each having swallowed a due portion, Iroldo covers his face and throws himself on his bed, while the yet more miserable Tisbina proceeds to the residence of Prasildo. Here she attempts to dissemble her sorrow, and to feign a cheerfulness, foreign to her heart. But Prasildo detects the imposture, and at last extorts a full confession of the truth. This declared, he reproaches her, as having little faith in his generosity, with a bursting heart renounces the proffered happiness, and dismisses her with an affectionate kiss.

"Tisbina, who had assured him that if she had known him first, she should have loved him as devotedly as she did her husband, now departs, overflowing with gratitude, and returns to Iroldo, who was still unaffected by the draught, but prostrate on the bed. She relates to him the sacrifice of her lover. The husband springs from his couch, thanks God for this last mercy, and invokes every blessing upon the head of Prasildo. While he is yet praying, he sees the countenance of Tisbina change, who sinks, as if overcome by sleep. The husband sees the operation of the drink with horror, and is transported from his short fit of pleasure, to a state of the most agonizing despair.

"The situation of Prasildo is scarcely less intolerable; who locked himself up in his chamber, in order to indulge his grief in solitude, upon the departure of Tisbina. While he is shut up in darkness, the ancient apothecary calls, and tells his valet that Prasildo's life depends upon his immediate admission to him. The valet was a native of Casizzo, of a merry humour, and full of faith and attachment, diligent, active, and experienced in all his duties; but of a frankness which sometimes gave his master offence. This man, having a master-key, admits the apothecary; who excusing the intrusion by his zeal for Prasildo's repose, informs him that he had that morning furnished the chambermaid of

Tisbina with a potion, by her mistress's order, which he believed was destined for his destruction, as Tisbina had been shortly afterwards traced to his house; but adds, that he need be under no apprehension, even if he has swallowed the draught: since, in the apprehension of mischief, he had substituted a mere sleeping-potion, the effects of which were only calculated to last for a few hours.

"Prasildo, transported with joy, immediately flies in search of Iroldo, whose stronger constitution had as yet resisted the soporific, and informs him of the joyful tidings of the apothecary. Iroldo receives the news in such a manner as might have been expected, and concludes with making Prasildo a return such as he had never looked for. In a transport of gratitude, he insists on his receiving Tisbina, and accordingly departs from Babylon, leaving her yet asleep. On waking, she is combated by opposing feelings; but at length, as the generosity of Prasildo had made more impression on her heart than she was willing to confess, even to herself, yields to Iroldo's will, and takes Prasildo for her husband."

There are several passages poetically rendered, and in most instances with great spirit. We select one of the piquant style:

Gifted with odd half lights, I often wonder
How I should think of love; if well or ill.
For whether 'tis a thing above, or under
The rule of reason, foils my little skill;
If we go guided by some god, or blunder
Into the snare, which warps our better will;
If we by line and rule our actions measure,
And 'tis a thing we take or leave at pleasure.

When we behold two bulls each other tear,
A cow the cause of strife, with mutual wound,
It looks as if such foolish fury were
In nature and controlling instinct found:
But when we see that absence, prudence, care
And occupation, can preserve us sound
From such a charm, or, if you will, infection;
Love seems to be the fruit of pure election.

Of this so many men have sung and told,
In Hebrew, Latin, and in heathen Greek,
In Egypt, Athens, and in Rome, of old,
Who govern'd by such different judgments speak,
That I can ill decide with whom to hold,
And cannot waste my time the truth to seek.
Let it suffice, that Love's a wayward god:
And so heav'n keep us from the tyrant's rod!

Of the manner in which the translation is executed, we must speak in terms of unequalled praise; the plan is excellent, the style easy and graceful, and to Mr. Rose is every lover of chivalric literature indebted for a most elegant addition to their store. We shall conclude by quoting to him the last line of the *Innamorato*:

To-morrow to fresh woods and fountains new.

The Hermit Abroad. By the Author of the *Hermit in London*, and *Hermit in the Country*. 4 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London 1823. Of the Hermit's labours we are hardly qualified to speak. His first, and, in our opinion, best papers, were originally contributed in the *Literary Gazette*, and their great popularity has led him on through the *Country to the Continent*. We believe the author (one of them at least) has resided several years abroad; and he is therefore competent, being a man of an acute and observant mind, to place before us agreeable and characteristic pictures of foreign manners, and the manners of our own natives in foreign parts.

How he has done this, we shall leave the public to judge; and afford it an opportunity by quoting two of the most amusing papers from the third volume.

"Female Economy."

"'You have no reason to complain of my expensiveness,' said la belle Eugénie to her fond and confounded husband; 'no lady in Paris goes so simply dressed as myself; no cachemires of a thousand or two thousand crowns value (her husband looked affrighted!) no ball dresses to last but one night; no lace veils, the price of which would pay a year's rent; nor do I even, like the Countess of Clairon, require a pair of silk shoes and two pair of gloves daily; shoes once per week suffice for my unambitious dress, and I can make a pair of gloves do twice; besides I do not ruin you either by the jeweller's bill, or the change of the furniture of our house yearly, or oftener; four times a week satisfies me of public places; I never gamble, and my ordinary attire is a gown of coloured cotton or muslin à l'Anglaise, and a white one when more dressed; one hat or bonnet lasts me eight or ten days; in short, Anguste, you know not how to appreciate a good and saving wife (here she panted, and he looked fond) and it is a pity that you have not Madame Grandpré for your wife, who would spend your small fortune in fans and feathers only, and would—(a pause)—do something worse to you besides.' He rubbed his forehead.

"'Dear Eugénie!' cried her contrite partner, 'never more will I reproach you, I am convinced that you are right'—(here he sighed); 'I only regret my small means, and see that a young man should not venture upon matrimony without an ample fortune; a pretty woman (Eugénie smiled) must be dressed at least neatly, and it is not a trifle which can afford even that style in these extravagant times; they, not thou, sweet one, are to blame, nor should I have uttered a word of complaint did I not find myself terribly in arrears this last half year, and could I account for the deficit in any way but by the numerous bills of dress-makers, marchandes de modes, shoemakers, laundresses, etcetera, etcetera (Eugénie smiled contemptuously.) Twenty-one gowns in one year!!!' continued he.—'Aye,' replied Eugénie, 'at a paltry twelve or twenty francs each.'—'The making, Eugénie, perhaps two Napoleons each, (Anguste's colour increased;) the getting up, or washing,' added he, 'five or six francs each (he elevated his eyebrows,) to be worn'—'Only once, you simpleton.'—'And,' observed he, 'then you scarcely dare sit down for fear of discomposing flottans, volans, falls, flounces, and falbalas.'—'What of that?'—'Why nothing; then again, twenty-four francs for a pocket-handkerchief, and the cart-loads of fichus and linen which go to your blanchisseuse, with whom you quarrel every week, as also with your ironing woman, who alleges that one of those cheap dresses takes her a whole day to get up.'—'To be sure'—and a whole day for you to wear, ironically cried the suffering husband. 'Why surely you would have me go clean!' tauntingly added madame. 'Well, love,' concluded Anguste, 'I have no objection, but it certainly cleans out my coffers.'—'Why did you marry then?'—'True, darling, I was wrong, but we will go on quietly as long as we can.'—'How seldom do I require silks and crapes!' observed the lady, 'or new jewels, or costly entertainments at home, or—' Here he tried

to stop her, but the female tongue is not thus suddenly controlled.—“Do I, like our neighbour, break your rest by late hours?”—“No, do.”—“Or break your heart by flirting with the men?”—“No, dear.”—“Or—Kiss me, my dear Eugenia, you shall have it all your own way, try to be as economical as you can.”—“Nobody can be more saving,” answered she. Her husband resumed, “Don’t be out of temper, I will go out and try to borrow a thousand crowns upon my country-house, and (he looked fondly) I only regret that I am not richer.”—“Stuff,” exclaimed his wife; and (saluting him tenderly) if thou dost borrow the money, thou wilt buy me an *amazone* (or riding habit), and let me get that great bargain of lace; recollect that it is only second-hand, and will be sold at a third of its value.”—“*Comme tu voudras*,” meekly replied the fortunate husband. They embraced, exchanged the adieus of the eyes, and parted. The husband proceeded to a Jew’s, and his fond spouse went out to purchase an embroidered trimming cheap and simple, as she styled it. How different from lace or artificial flowers. Happy Auguste, to have such a moderate wife!

“With this scene in my view (for I happened to be present at it,) I began to reflect on the subject deliberately. Eugenia’s style of dress was truly *‘simplex munditiis*’; she had not a dozen of costly ornamental combs worn in turn in her glossy hair; her fingers moved gracefully with only two rings on each hand, instead of being in the unbending armour of sixteen circles composed of all the gems, and set in a most expensive style; she preferred flowers to jewelled tiaras and to birds of paradise, to ostrich and other proud and nodding plumes; she was not ruinous in perfumes, baths, waiting-women, boudoir furniture, and boxes at the theatre, and yet—

“Take her all in all,”

she cost poor Auguste a pretty round sum annually; the very simple gown lasted a very short time, and was soon worn and scathed out; it might have been said of these dresses,

“*Materiam superabat opus*.”

for these light articles of humble price were corded and festooned, trimmed and ornamented up to such a pitch, that the matter was the least of the affair, and the manner all. To purchase such a piece for a gown was a trifle, but before it was fitted to the elastic form which was to grace it, the bill swelled to a most fearful yet imperceptible expense. Suppose, for instance, a printed cotton or muslin of fifteen francs, what a bagatelle; but then, to trimming twenty-five, making ditto, ditto; three washings eighteen francs, and it then was only fit for the *femme de chambre*. These little articles too, so often repeated, must have a little effect on the revenue of the happy man who has to pay for them. For cheapness and simplicity, a man might as well purchase a bed of straw, and, when bought, adorn it with a cambric covering, and overhang it daily with a chintz pattern curtain.

“But far be it from me to deprive the fair sex of their neat and humble toilet! my intention is merely to convince the marrying swain that the provisions necessary for a wife are many. When a man has got his bride to support, he must not forget the milliner, the mantua-maker, the florist, the jeweller, the attendant, nor even the clear-starcher and blanchouse, who will aid madam in making head against him (no pun or improper allusion is made to the front, and much less an affront); and whilst the splendid, high-born

dame’s claims come *ex gras*, he must not forget that an humbler partner has her *detail* expenses, which are like the numerous items of an attorney’s or an apothecary’s bill. Happy, thrice happy, the wedded he who can answer all these demands; and who, being previously aware of them, has nothing to suffer from surprise, inability, or female upbraiding; whose well-stocked purse dreads not these ambush attacks, and whose even mind and temper can meet the lengthy weekly, or monthly account (*annals* suit the great alone;) for

“*Vires acquirit eundo*,”

a man of retired habits, and long accustomed to order, regularity and calm, would be completely overturned by such surprises: as to the unworthy writer, they would be death to him. Yet let it be well understood, that this *exposé* is not meant as a *pretext*, but merely as a caution to those who, of social habits and light spirits, may not wish to be a solitary, a recluse, or even A WANDERING HERMIT.”

A GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON: in which are explained all the Words used by the best Greek Writers of Prose and Verse, &c. &c. By John Jones, LL.D. Author of the Greek Grammar. 8vo. Longman & Co. 1823.

A Greek and English Lexicon was a desideratum in English literature, and this production, the author of which is already well known as a learned and ingenious philologist, promises to the lovers of the Greek language to answer their wishes. We shall not attempt an elaborate critique on the Lexicon before us, but content ourselves with what the plan of our journal requires; namely, with stating the principal and characteristic features of the work, and thus recommending it to the notice of the public.

The author does not profess to explain all the words in the Greek language, but states himself to have confined his attention to the best Greek writers in prose and verse; his object being, as he expresses it in the title-page, to expedite the progress of boys in the schools, and of those who in manhood seek a fuller acquaintance with the language and literature of ancient Greece. “The words,” says the writer, (Preface, page iv) “are arranged alphabetically, excepting that in a cluster of derived words, the parent term is put in capitals at the head, and the rest follow in the order of their derivation.” This certainly is an useful and judicious plan, as it will enable the learner to perceive the root and many of its derivations in one point of view. Some inconvenience however attends this arrangement; for the reader may occasionally be retarded in finding the words he seeks to know, and be misled as to the origin of some words in the context. At least, if no inconvenience or ambiguity can in any place arise from this plan, it would, in our judgment, have been more complete, if words, which follow the derivatives in small letters, but foreign to that in capitals at the head, should begin with a capital letter. As the derivatives are now distinguished from the primitive by being in small letters, so they would then be distinguished from other words that follow in the same letter, and the stem, with all its branches, would appear at once on inspection. But we proceed to a more important feature of the book:—

“Whenever,” says Dr. Jones, (Preface, p. iv) “the primary sense of a simple term has been overlooked or mistaken, the origin of that term is pointed out in one of the

oriental tongues.” He adds: “The Greek language is necessarily of Asiatic origin; the Hebrew, with its several dialects; the Chaldean, Syriac, Arabic; the Shanscreet and the Palévi, or ancient Persian, alone contain the sources from whence it flowed. Nor is the man who is altogether unacquainted with these primeval languages more able to explain the sense of a primitive word in Greek than a writer would be to explain the primitive words in English, who is an entire stranger to the Gothic and Saxon, which are confessedly the parent tongues. The ancient lexicographers and scholiasts doubtless point out the true origin of many words; the theories of Damm, of Hemsterhuse, Lennep, and Schneider, contain beyond dispute much solid matter, unfold many just and beautiful analogies. But a great proportion of their etymologies is a heap of rubbish, which enlightened criticism, and an adequate knowledge of the oriental languages, cannot fail to scatter on the wind. The true use of correct etymology is that it furnishes the means, and indeed the only means, of ascertaining the primary sense of a term; and when this sense, like the root of a tree, is found, its ramification into secondary senses is easily pursued, the principle of connexion between them is discovered; and the memory, instead of being overloaded and perplexed with different and discordant significations, is conducted through an easy and agreeable variety, all springing from and connected with a common stem.”

We shall illustrate this reasoning by one or two examples:—“*Bateia*, or *Bateia*, a tomb, grave, a rising ground, said to be the tomb of the Amazon Myrine, in front of Troy. It seems to be the Chaldean *bateis* (בַּתֵּי) or the Hebrew *bat* (בַּת), a house, or the grave, which is the last home of man. Hence the meaning of Homer, Il. β. 813. when he says that the immortals called the rising ground *σῆμα*, i. e. it was so called in the polished language of Greece; whereas by men, i. e. in the vulgar dialect of the Trojans, it was named *Bateia*.” This explanation, though overlooked by former lexicographers, is exceedingly probable. Troy, being situated in Asia Minor, was inhabited by people who spoke the Asiatic languages; and Homer, being naturally proud of the superior elegance of his own language, designated it, with all the pride and predilection of a Brahmin, as the language of the Gods, in contradistinction to the language of men, the vernacular tongue of Troy. The origin of a peculiar phrase, not unusual in Homer, is thus happily, as it appears to us, laid open by this etymology.

We cannot refrain from inserting the following explanation, which appears still more remarkable. (Col. 1455.) “*Ζενααρδρος*, a river of Troy, the genius or divinity of which was the benefactor and lord of the land, from the Persian *Zamendar*, a landlord. Hence the son of Hector was called *Ζενααρδρος*, as the future sovereign of the land, and was equivalent to *Αρσναξ*, ruler of the state. Il. ζ. 402.” According to this notion, the citizens of Troy, in gratitude for the prowess of Hector in defending the city, bestowed on his son a piece of land, and called him by a name which, in common with that of the river, signified “lord of the land.” As this was a delicate and significant compliment paid to the valour of the father, it was natural in him to call his son by this and no other name. It was equally natural for the mother, when her son was now become an orphan by

the death of Hector, to think of, and dwell on this tender circumstance:

For should he (the child) safe survive this cruel
With the Achæans, penury and toil
Must be his lot, since strangers will remove
At will his landmarks, and possess his fields.

It is hardly necessary to say that the last line of this passage, which is a part of the lamentation of Andromache on the loss of her husband, at the close of the twenty-second book, is founded on the meaning of *ἄκαιον*, and the circumstance that gave birth to it. From not knowing the allusion, some critics have rejected the whole passage as spurious, and altogether unworthy of Homer. "The original lines," says the tender Cowper, in a note to his translation, "in which mention is made of the treatment which Astyanax is likely to receive after the death of Hector, were rejected by many of the ancients. For while Priam lived, they say, and several of his sons, and Andromache herself also, what probability was there that his landmarks should be removed, and that he should be considered in all companies as an intruder and a vagabond. To this may be added another reason, and perhaps not less weighty, for which their authenticity may be suspected. There never lived a more perfect master of the pathetic than Homer; and when he would touch the passions, he does it in the only effectual way, that is, without seeming to intend it. But in all this there is an evident strain, an effort, a labour, to get at them; a style of writing that always disappoints itself, and is peculiar to poets, who, feeling nothing themselves, have yet an ambition to work on the sensibility of others." Had this amiable man, whose own heart was the native seat of sensibility, and whose tongue was the organ of simple unaffected eloquence, understood the incidents to which Homer alludes, he would have penned his note in a very different strain.

Dr. Jones further remarks in his preface, (page vii) "In tracing the secondary senses of a word from the primary, the same original idea is generally preserved through the several ramifications." He then adds, "It is a common notion that many words in all languages convey a variety of significations; but in strict propriety a term has but one sense, or at most but two, a literal and analogical sense. Every word, on every occasion, presents the same idea; and it conveys different ideas only because it stands in different connexions. Thus in one connexion *αἶψα* may mean bread, in another shore, and with an accidental change of termination (*αἶψα*) it denotes a ray of the sun. But in every place the word still means the same thing. For *αἶψα* is *αἶψη*, broken, from *αἶω*, to break; corn broken is meal; broken ground, or rock, is shore; and the broken scattered light of the sun, is its rays. So *λέγω*, to speak, and *λέγεται*, to lie down, are still the self-same word. For it is the Hebrew *לָקַח* (*lāqach*) to assemble or gather: to gather letters or words, is to utter them; to gather myself for repose is to lie down. Thus a man, when deposited in the grave, may be said to be gathered to his fathers. But overlooking the primary sense of a term, and the peculiarity of its context, we ascribe to the word itself what it owes to accidental associations. Hence interpreters almost on all occasions fall into the double error of distinguishing on one hand the senses of a word, when in reality there is no difference of sense; and of annexing to it, on the other, a sense

that belongs to other words in the sentence. Damm, Sturze, and Schlessner, though the most accurate and the most learned of all lexicographers, are continually chargeable with these twofold errors, especially in explaining the prepositions and particles. The only correct and adequate way, therefore, of interpreting a word, is, in every step to preserve its original power, and to quote at least a part of the context. This I have generally done in Italics, and then express the word and its context by one equivalent term in English." We will illustrate these observations by one example. This shall be the common verb *βαῖνω*; which, however, our readers will not find in its proper place in Dr. Jones's Lexicon, but among the *addenda* at the end.

"*Βαῖνω*. I go, go on, march, proceed. *Ἦ*. 1. 3. Go up, climb, mount, ascend. *Α*. 2. 3. Go after, follow. *Ἰ*. κ. 149. Go to an enemy, assail, attack. *Ἰ*. ζ. 21. Go by, pass, go about a person to defend him, succour. *Ἰ*. π. 510. Go away, fly, depart, vanish. *Ἰ*. δ. 229. μ. 16. Go down, descend. β. 167. Go through, cross. *Ἰ*. δ. 343. *Ἰ*mp. *βαῖνον* for *εἰσάγον*, went along, coincided, agreed with, *Ἰ*sthm. 2. 16.

"*Βαῖνω* f. *ἦνω*, I go, aor. 1. *ἔθηκε*, he caused to mount or embark, Herod. 1. 80. *βήκε*, he caused to come down, brought down. *Ἰ*. ε. 164. Hence it appears that the first aorist of this verb has a transitive sense; So has aor. 1. m. *βηκατο*, for *εβηκατο*, he mounted the chariot. *Ἰ*. γ. 262. f. 1. *βητω*, *Ἰ*on. *βω*, by inserting i, *βωω*, *οφρα βωω*, while I shall go. *Ἰ*. ζ. 115. f. 1. m. *βησεται*, will go, will become of, *Ἰ*. β. 339. *βασεῖνται*, Dor. for *βησονται*, will go. Theo. 4. 26. *βησονται*, a new verb, hence the imperfect *βηκατο*, for *εβηκατο*, he mounted, *Ἰ*. ε. 745. *βωμαι*, the Ionic form of *βησεται*, will go on in life, live, *Ἰ*. χ. 431. will go by the will of another, obey, shall be ruled by, *Ἰ*. ο. 194. perf. *βεβηκε*, has gone, is accustomed to go, *Ἰ*sthm. 4. 71. plup. *βεβηκει*, for *εβεβηκει*, had gone, was gone, went, *Ἰ*. π. 856. perf. m. *βεβασαι*, contr. *βεβασι*, have passed, are gone, *Ἰ*. β. 134. inf. *βεβασαι*, *βεβαιναι*, *βεβαινεν*, to go about him, defend, protect him. *Ἰ*. π. 510.

"*βημι*, aor. 2. *εβην*, inf. *βηναι*, part. *βας*, existing only in the compound form, as in *αναβας*, having ascended, *καταβας* descended, *βῆ*, *εβα*, for *εβη*, he went to, *Ἰ*. ε. 152. *βῆ μιν* for *εβηναι*, he went to go, hastened to go, ε. 167. *βῆ δ' ελαω*, he hastened to drive, he hastily drove, *Ἰ*. ν. 27. *δυσ μὴ κῆρες θανατοιο εβαν φερουσαι*, *Ἰ*. β. 302, for *θανατου εβησαν*, whom the fates of death went taking away, whom the ministers of death, i. e. fate, took away."

A few observations on the above article will close our critique on this Lexicon. Here we see that the author refers his readers to the original authorities for the meanings of the explained word, a laborious task, as he himself justly remarks, but fully compensated by its utility. We observe, however, with regret, in looking through the work, that these references are not so frequent and uniform in the first two or three letters as in the rest of the volume. Perhaps the author had not, when the earlier sheets were sent to press, finally made up his mind as to this part of his plan. From the example of *βαῖνω*, *Ἰ*mp. *εβανον*, *βωω* f. *ἦνω*, *βημι*, aor. 2. *εβην*, it appears that Dr. Jones refers the several branches of the verb each to its respective and appropriate stem. Damm has set him an example for this measure, though Sturze and Schlessner are chargeable with the neglect of it. The practice affords unspeakable advantages to the learner, as it enables

him, by the most obvious and simple analogy, to retain words in his mind which would otherwise be forgotten, unless held by the sole grasp of a powerful memory. Dr. Jones has omitted all accentuation except the aspirate and circumflex, both of which are retained; but, what is of more importance, the doubtful vowel in the explained word is marked as long or short. The learned author pleads for this omission the example of Morel and Dr. Maltby, and the utter inutility of the accents in the business of lexicography.

The above explanation of *βαῖνω* and its several branches is, in our opinion, deserving of attention, as being, perhaps, the fairest specimen of lexicography that can well be met with. The learner is put in complete possession of its several senses by the aid of the context. The several branches of the verb are stated, with the anomalies caused by the dialects and poetic license. Dr. Jones has, indeed, largely profited by the labours of Damm; but he has condensed his matter into one tenth of the space which is occupied by that most admirable and useful lexicographer. Nor has he servilely copied his model, but tacitly shows him to have been mistaken in three or four points in this very article. Damm makes *βεβασαι* to be the Ionic form of *βεβηκασι*; whereas Dr. Jones represents it as a contraction of the perfect middle *βεβαισιν*. Damm, again, states *βεβαινεν* to be a poetic form of *βηναι*, while Dr. Jones takes it to be the perfect infinitive middle for *βεβαιναι*, by syncope *βεβαιναι*, *βεβαινεν*. The former writer, seemingly, could not comprehend how *βωμαι*, if the Ionic form of *βησονται*, could mean, I will live, or obey, as it does in *Ἰ*. ε. 194. He therefore classes it with *βωω* as its root. But Dr. Jones has happily hit on the intermediate idea: for what is it to live, or obey a person, but to go by his will. And here it is obvious to remark how similar the idioms of the Greek and of the English are to each other on many occasions. This is one among many reasons why a Greek Lexicon should be written in our native tongue. Damm renders *βῆ δ' ελαω*, *Ἰ*. β. 183, by *capit curare*; but this version does not seem so well to express the sense of the original as "he hastened to go," or "he hastily went;" nor does *βῆ δ' ελαω* bear the precise sense of *agebat equos*, but is more adequately represented by "he hastened to drive," or "he hastily drove." And here it is worthy of notice that when Dr. Jones quotes a phrase differing in genius from one in our own tongue, he renders it literally first, and then expresses it in a free version, conformably to our own. This is not the usual practice of lexicographers, but it is as it should be, since it enables the learner to perceive in his own tongue the peculiar features of the Greek.

Upon the whole, this Lexicon is a work of great labour and research. We have much pleasure in adding, that we deem it also a work of very great merit, which we conceive cannot fail to meet the approbation and patronage of those who, where the English language is used, study to acquire a knowledge of the Greek. A production so extensive, difficult, and laborious, however excellent and valuable it may be upon the whole, must necessarily have some faults, some defects or omissions, some errors of the press or of the judgment. Of this the author seems to have been fully sensible, and he has attempted to disarm the severity of criticism: "Though this Lexicon," he writes, (Preface, page x) "I fondly hope, possesses such excellence as

may entitle it to the notice and patronage of the public, I am sufficiently sensible of its errors and imperfections. In extenuation of the omissions and mistakes that may occasionally deface it, I would plead the liability to err and to fail incidental to our common nature; the general character of usefulness and novelty that pervade the book; and the utter impossibility, by any human efforts, to produce a correct and perfect work on a subject so extensive and difficult as the Greek language. If the public voice approve of it in the main, no pains shall be spared in the revival; the suggestions of enlightened and candid criticism will be thankfully attended to, redundancies, wherever discovered, shall be retrenched, and defects supplied, so as to meet the wishes of the humblest learner."

Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmigiano. 12mo. pp. 276. Longman & Co.

This handsome little work, adorned with a frontispiece, of a supposed portrait of Correggio,* (but appearing to us rather old for that supposition,) is understood to be from the pen of Archdeacon Coxé. It is such a publication as we might expect from so accomplished a writer—elegant, impartial, acute, and unwarping from vain theories or idle speculations. Some data are, we think, insisted upon more at large than their intrinsic importance merits; and we also feel on the other hand a deficiency in that branch of the subject which pertains to the history of Painting; but all that relates to the biography of these distinguished artists is treated with so much simplicity and judgment as to leave no wish of the reader ungratified. To the preceding inquiries of Mengs, Tiraboschi, Lanzi, &c. the author has added the recent discoveries and corrections of Pungileoni; and, upon the whole, produced two Lives which (especially the first) merit a much higher epithet than the modest one of *Sketches* prefixed to them.

Adventurers in Art are no great adventurers on any other ground: if they travel, it is but to see. The riches of the ocean, and the produce of the land, furnish but the storehouse of their imagination. The artist resembles the philosopher in the abstraction of his pursuits; and like him cares little for the chances or changes of life, if his colours do but flow with ease and are not subjected to change. The riches of his thoughts are his inheritance; and if he cannot obtain by their means the splendours of life, they enable him to bear his privations and poverty: his hopes are fed and his exertions animated by the reward of posthumous fame, and his greatest fear is that of neglect.

From these premises at least, whatever it may have been with others who have acted a busy part in the great theatre of the world, as ambassadors, courtiers, &c. it would appear that what is called the life of a painter has very little in it beyond an account of the practice of his art, and a list of the works he has produced: subjects of little attraction to the general reader, though possessed of powerful interest to the amateur and artist.

Under these considerations our present task need not be pursued to a voluminous extent: for a brief abstract and a few short quotations will suffice to give a perfect idea

of the book to all who do not feel an anxiety to be more minutely acquainted with its details.

Great confusion has arisen in the Memoirs of the early Italian painters, from the custom of their taking the names of their native places, or assuming other distinctive appellations in common with their christian and family names. Thus, facts in the life of Antonio Allegri, surnamed *Correggio*, were liable to be confounded with facts in the life of Antonio Bernieri, one of his scholars, and also surnamed *Correggio*;—and a hundred other instances occur, of errors springing out of a similar cause. It appears, however, from the diligent researches of his several biographers, and particularly of Pungileoni, who has thrown a new light upon the investigation, that Correggio was born in 1493-4, and of respectable parents; his family advancing in prosperity at and after the period of his birth. Who were his masters and who his pupils, can hardly be conjectured with any degree of accuracy; but there seems to have been clever artists flourishing at the epoch in or near his native place, and his own uncle Lorenzo was a painter. It is most probable that he learnt the rudiments of design from his relative; and there is some reason for thinking that Andrea Mantegna (the cultivator, if not the inventor of foreshortening, in which Correggio so much excelled) was also his model, perhaps his instructor. Tradition farther states him to have been indebted to Francesco Bianchi, of Modena, for his first principles of fine colouring and graceful airs. But whoever fanned the spark, it soon broke into a blaze which threw other lights into obscurity. Correggio speedily acquired a high reputation, and was patronized by the great and powerful.

But Religion was the grand patron of the arts in those days; and though we find him painting various pictures for eminent individuals, his principal works were executed for rich monastic establishments and lordly priests:—As, of the former, the Three Marriages of St. Catherine, the Christ in the Garden (now in the Wellington Collection,) the St. Jerome, the Leda, the Danaë, the Magdalen (at Dresden,) the Nativity (or famous *Nötte*, also at Dresden,) are the chief; so, of the latter, his paintings in the Cathedral of Parma are justly esteemed his master-productions:—

"The pleasure which the monks derived from his works, even in their incipient state, and their satisfaction with his conduct in general, is manifested by a remarkable document. This is a letter or patent of confraternity, passed in the general assembly of the order, held at Pratale, in the latter end of 1521; a privilege which was eagerly sought at this and earlier periods, and seldom conferred on persons not eminent for rank or talents. It conveyed a participation in the spiritual benefits derived from the prayers, masses, alms, and other pious works of the community, and was coupled with an engagement to perform the same offices for the repose of his soul, and the souls of his family, as were performed for their own members."

Of the celebrated *Nötte*, it is concisely stated:—

"This picture is doubtless the most singular, if not the most beautiful work of this great master. Adopting an idea hitherto unknown to painters, he has created a new principle of light and shade; and in the limited space of nine feet by six, has expand-

ed a breadth and depth of perspective which defies description. The time he has chosen, is the adoration of the shepherds, who, after hearing the glad tidings of joy and salvation proclaimed by the heavenly host, hastened to hail the new-born King and Saviour. On so unpromising a subject as the birth of a child, in so mean a place as a stable, the painter has, however, thrown the air of divinity itself. The principal light emanates from the body of the infant, and illuminates the surrounding objects; but a secondary light is borrowed from a groupe of angels above, which, while it aids the general effect, is yet itself irradiated by the glory breaking from the child, and allegorising the expression of Scripture, that Christ was the true light of the world.* Nor is the art with which the figures are represented, less admirable than the management of the light. The face of the child is skilfully hidden by its oblique position, from the conviction, that the features of a newborn infant are ill adapted to please the eye; but that of the Virgin is warmly irradiated, and yet so disposed, that in bending with maternal fondness over her offspring, it exhibits exquisite beauty, without the harshness of deep shadows. The light strikes boldly on the lower part of her face, and is lost in a fainter glow on the eyes, while the forehead is thrown into shade. The figures of Joseph and the shepherds are traced with the same skilful pencil; and the glow which illuminates the piece, is heightened to the imagination, by the attitude of a shepherdess, bringing an offering of doves, who shades her eyes with her hand, as if unable to sustain the brightness of incarnate Divinity. The glimmering of the rising dawn, which shews the figures in the back ground, contributes to augment the splendour of the principal glory. 'The beauty, grace, and finish of the piece,' says Mengs, 'are admirable, and every part is executed in a peculiar and appropriate style.'

"It is uncertain when this picture was finished, for it was delayed by his other avocations, and he had long to struggle with the impatience of the Pratoneri for its completion."

But it is not our purpose to go into the details of Correggio's various works:

"The last document extant relative to his labours, proves that he was not unoccupied in his profession; for, in the beginning of 1534, he received a commission from Alberto Panciroli, father of the celebrated Guido, to paint an altar-piece. The price and subject are not known, but he received in advance twenty-five golden crowns. Before, however, he could enter on the execution of his performance, he was seized with a malignant fever, and died suddenly at Correggio, on the 5th of March 1534, in the 41st year of his age. On the next day he was buried in the family sepulchre, in the Franciscan convent of Minor Friars, and the following is the brief and simple record of a loss so fatal to the arts:

"Ai di 5 di Marzo morì Maestro Antonio Allegri, dipintore, e fu sepolto a 6 detto, in Francesco, sotto il portico."

"In the sexton's book we also find an entry relative to the fees paid for his funeral, and the services afterwards performed for the repose of his soul. The fulfilment of the engagement with Alberto Panciroli being

* Finely engraved by W. Bond, from a drawing by J. Jackson, R.A. taken by that eminent artist from a group in the Cathedral of Parma.

* "This groupe was particularly admired by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and imitated by Rembrandt in his picture of the Annunciation."

thus prevented by his death, his father, on the 15th of the following June, repaid to Paulo Borani, the agent of Alberto, the twenty-five crowns which he had received in advance; and the acquittance, which is still extant, alludes to the fact of his sudden and untimely decease."

Of the genuine pictures painted by Correggio, which can be authenticated, very few indeed have descended to our time. Various works are asserted by various collections with more or less show of probability; but, after all, it is humiliating as well as perplexing to observe, that the value of such pieces is made to depend on the name of their author rather than on their own merits, which the most skillful eye cannot determine to be original or copied by succeeding imitators. The standard is thus assigned to an accident, and not to the performance itself; and in works of art, it is clear, that a rose by any other name does not smell as sweet! Of the particular qualities of Correggio, it is judiciously observed—

"Although the general character of his pencil is marked by harmony, softness, and grace, he manifested one species of boldness, in which he equalled every other painter, not excepting Michael Angelo himself. We allude to his foreshortening, which he carried to the highest perfection. This quality he derived from an intimate acquaintance with nature, and an accurate knowledge of anatomy; and though he has frequently displayed it in such a manner as to create surprise, yet the most critical observer has never accused him of exceeding the boundary of truth, or degenerating into distortion and caricature.

"Correggio appears to have delighted in the expression of the milder passions; and in those of love, affection, and tenderness, he is almost without a rival. He has discriminated, with equal felicity, the different shades of grief; and has beautifully contrasted them in the dead Christ, painted for the church of St. John. It is profound in the Virgin, tender in the Magdalen, and chastened in the third female figure. He has also manifested his power of indicating manly dignity in the St. George; and though he seldom embodies the fiercer passions, he has shewn his ability in that class of expression, by the figure of the executioner, in the Martyrdom of St. Placidio, which was copied in the St. Agnes of Domenichino.

"But perhaps the passion which he has represented with the most striking effect, is that of dignified resignation. In the celebrated Ecce Homo, or Christ shewn to the Multitude, the divine air of meekness and patient suffering, which he has given to the Redeemer of mankind, awakens the sublimest emotions, and embodies the animated descriptions of Holy Writ. The same remark applies with equal truth to the Agony of Christ in the Garden.

"We cannot close our observations on his powers of expression, without adverting to a beauty which he possessed exclusively; or, at least, shared only with Leonardo da Vinci, namely, the lovely and exquisite smile which plays on his female countenances, and which has been distinguished by the epithet of the Corregesque, or the grace of Correggio. This trait, as difficult to describe as to imitate, has been happily indicated by Dante, the father of Italian poetry, in his

"Della bocca il dislato riso."—*Inferno.*

"In this rare and fascinating expression, Correggio alone was capable of discriminat-

ing the precise boundary between grace and affectation, and his delicate pencil was fully competent to execute the conception of his mind. His best copyists, even the Carracci themselves, generally failed in preserving this original feature; and in many modern copies and engravings, it often degenerates into mere grimace.

"He was skilful in the management of his drapery, which is grand and flowing, and not broken into minute or angular folds. He was unrivalled in delineating naked figures, an excellence which he owed to the transparency of his tints, and his accurate knowledge of the human form.

"The poetical spirit, which animates his compositions, has not been sufficiently lauded, even by his warmest admirers. Without dwelling on the richness of his fancy, in his classical subjects, or the fertility of his invention, in his Copolas, we may give, by way of example, a few instances of this peculiar happiness of thought. In the Education of Cupid, he has not only given plumage to the Mercury and Cupid, but has poetically marked the nature of love, and the volatile character of the goddess of pleasure, by the emblems of wings, and a bow. In the Io, he has represented the dominion of silence and solitude, by depicting the Stag, the most timid of animals, as drinking in tranquillity the waters of the stream. In the Christ in the Garden, he has happily indicated the approaching sufferings of the Redeemer, by the incidental display of the instruments of the passion, partly illuminated, and partly cast into shade. Lastly, in the Nôtte, where the light diffused over the piece, emanates from the child, he has embodied a thought, at once beautiful, picturesque, and sublime. 'This idea,' as Opie observes, 'has been seized with such avidity, and produced so many imitations, that no one is accused of plagiarism. The real author is forgotten, and the public, accustomed to consider this incident as naturally a part of the subject, have long ceased to inquire, when, or by whom, it was invented.'

"After his death, the reputation of the Lombard school was ably supported by Parmegiano, his coadjutors, and followers; and it is acknowledged by all judges of the art, that no painter has since attained the admirable grace, clear obscure, and harmony, which characterise the works of Correggio, as no succeeding painter has been enabled to rival the exquisite pathos and noble simplicity of Raphael."

Of Parmegiano, the Sketch is less interesting and less full. He, like Correggio, is sometimes confounded with persons of similarity in name; such as Francesco Maria Rondani, and his own cousin Girolamo Mazzola, both born, like him, at Parma. His real name was Geronimo Francesco Maria Mazzola: he was of a noble family, and born about the year 1560. He wrought with Correggio on the Cathedral at Parma; went to Rome, and was patronized by the Pope, till the sacking of the Christian capital put him to flight. His principal works are at Bologna. A violent fever carried him to the grave at the early age of 37.

With this very short outline, we must consign him and his greater contemporary to the Memoirs whence these remarks have been drawn, and which are an acceptable present to that thirst respecting the Arts now happily so general in Britain.

Smiles for all Seasons, &c. 12mo. pp. 168. London 1823. Baldwin, Cradock & Joy.

Among these trifles is "merriment for Michaelmas," and we have also "amusement for Autumn;" both which seasons being, as Moore would say, "near about this time," we hope it will not be deemed an unseasonable variety in our reviewing columns to give our readers a taste of their quality.

The volume is made up of little jests and jocular anecdotes versified in a tolerable manner: it is true they do not possess much novelty, but, amid the publications of their genus, they may rank as an entertaining *rifacimento*, and be taken up as well as laid down with good humour. One essential merit they possess, rare to their tribe: there is not a single impropriety among them, and they may safely be put into youthful hands for an innocent laugh.

The clever Idiot.

A Boy, as Nursery records tell,
Had dropp'd his drum-stick in the well;
He had good sense enough to know
He would be beaten for't, and so
Silly (tho' silly from his cradle)
Took from the shelf a silver ladle,
And in the water down it goes,
After the drum-stick, I suppose.

The thing was miss'd, the servants blamed,
But in a week, no longer named;
Now this not suiting his designs,
A silver cup he next purloins,
(To aid his plan, he never stopp'd)
And in the water down it dropp'd.

This caused some words, and much inquiry,
And made his parents rather cry;
Both for a week were vex'd and cross,
And then—submitted to the loss.
At length, to follow up his plan,
Our little, clever, idiot man
His father's fav'rite silver waiter
Next cast into the wat'ry crater.

Now this, indeed, was what the cook
And butler could not overlook;
And all the servants of the place
Were search'd, and held in much disgrace.
The boy now call'd out, "Cook, here—Nell;
What's this so shining in the well?"

This was enough to give a hint
That the lost treasures might be 't;
So for a man with speed they sent,
Who down the well directly went.

They listen with expectant ear,
At last these joyful words they hear,
"O, here's the Ladle, and the Cup!"
And Waiter too—so draw me up."

"Hold," quoth the boy, "a moment stay,
Bring something else that's in your way."
Adding (with self-approving grin),
"My Drum-stick, now your hand is in."

The next is shorter, and more whimsical:

The Sinner in perfection.

To an Epicure highly enjoying his docket
At the "British," it seem'd quite provoking,
That close to his elbow a knot of young bucks
Should be chatting, and laughing, and joking.

So he laid down his knife, and said "Silence! you
(With a look partly vex'd and entreating) [Boys,
You all of you make so incessant a noise.

That I really don't know what I'm eating."
Our ensuing six or eight are among the
best miscellaneous specimens we can find;
though they conclude with three on that
fertile topic of wit and roguery, horse-deal-
ing.

A not upright Judge.

An idle lad who lack'd employ,
Was full of wanton tricks,
And playing with another boy,
At throwing stones and bricks.

Judge R., by age a little bent,
Rode by, and felt some dread;
For one large brickbat scarcely went
An inch above his head.

"You bear me, lads, I hope no grudge,
My blood you might have spill'd;
Were I (said he) an upright judge,
I surely had been kill'd."

A flattering Opinion.

An Artist who rated his skill rather high,
Was thus to a Brother revealing
His future intentions respecting the sky
Which embellish'd his Drawing-room ceiling.
"This plan I have thought of, and now mean to try,
This is far the best method, now *an't* it?
To whitewash it first, let it carefully dry,
And then at my leisure to paint it."
"Why, Sir," said the other (and nearly had burst
In his face in a loud fit of laughter,
"I think I should set about painting it *first*,
And then, you know, whitewash it *after*."

A Synonym for Fool.

A Courtier playing at Picquet
In France some years ago,
The passing comments made him fret,
Of President Gaussaut.

So, purposely, a small mistake
He made, and cried out, "O,
How could I such a blunder make!
Why I'm a mere Gaussaut!"

The President with reddened cheek
Look'd at him rather cool,
And, tho' he scarcely deign'd to speak,
Said merely, "You're a fool."

The Courtier rais'd his scornful eye,
(Continuing his play)
Just glanced at him, and made reply,
"That's what I meant to say."

Irish Advice.

"O, dear mamma," said little Ann,
"The ice I was induced to take
By that kind Irish gentleman,
Has really made my stomach ache."
"My dearest love, then, take advice,"
Her mother said; "I'm sure you will;
Don't eat another glass of ice
Without first taking off the chill."

The Importance of Ten Minutes.

A Buffoon once complaining to Francis the First,
That a Lord he had held up to laughter
Had threaten'd to kill him; said he, "If he durst,
I'll hang him in five minutes after."
"That will do me no good," said the courtly Buffoon,
So your Majesty's Grace I implore
To grant me in mercy this one little boon,
Just hang him five minutes *before*."

How will that Horse answer?

To a very old Outlet a buyer began,
"This Horse, is he sound, safe and steady, my man,
Feeds well, and of healthy digestion?
If for a Lady should buy him to-day," [say,
How d'ye think he will answer?" "I really can't
For I never yet ask'd him a question."

A Mare without a Fault.

"Who'll buy a Mare," a fellow cries,
"Without a single fault?
Not given to start (she never shies)
To stumble or to halt."

A Cockney bought her for his bride,
And soon was vex'd to find
'Twas true indeed she never shied,
Poor Creature! she was blind.

The man he found, and thus cried he,
(He much with anger burn'd),
"You rogish knave! you've cheated me,
The cash must be return'd."

"None in your mare a fault could spy
You said, with mighty pother;
Why, rogue, she's blind i' th' dexter eye,
And cannot see with t'other."

"Sir, (said the man,) like you I scorn
A falsehood to be caught in,
That she's been blind since she's been born
'S no fault, but her *misfortin*."

An honest Horse.

"Well now, (said he,) I'll buy a horse,
As riding is my pastime;
And sure I cannot get a worse
Than that I purchased last time."

"And now, I for myself will choose,
They cannot now deceive me;"
So off he hastens to the Mews,
He did, if you'll believe me."

The man applied to him of course,
Show'd Pony, Mare, and Stallion;
One was a "gimcrack," that "no horse,"
And this was a "rapscallion."

"Now here is one I scorn to force
On one who will not choose him.
But here, Sir, is an *honest* horse,
Now take him or refuse him."

He bought the beast, and paid, of course,
"And now, (said he,) pray tell me,
What mean you by an honest horse,
That you've been pleas'd to sell me?"

"Sir," said the man (and seem'd to brag,
As if to say, "you'll know me,")
Whene'er I mounted that there Nag,
He threaten'd, Sir, to throw me."

"And Sir, (and here provokingly
The man burst into laughter,)
He never disappointed me,
For down I came soon after."

Of such stuff is this composition, and to
those who relish it, the cost (4s.) will be
reckoned small.

SPAIN.

Guide du Voyageur en Espagne. Par M. Bory
de Saint Vincent.—(From the French.)

SINCE political events have again attracted
attention towards a country which, during
its struggle with Napoleon, was for several
years together an object of paramount inter-
est to the rest of Europe, several works
have been published on this country, con-
cerning which such false ideas have been
entertained. The physical and political geo-
graphy of Spain and Portugal, by Antillon,
which has been lately translated into French,
contains correct information. "This little
work (says M. Bory de St. Vincent) is the
best that our neighbours possess on the geo-
graphy of their country; and we even have
frequently had it before us in drawing up the
present work." It is pleasing to see M. Bory
do justice to a production from which he has
derived advantage; and it is very likely that
the numerous and incorrect compilations to
which temporary circumstances give rise,
will not speak of Antillon, or will decry him.
It is true he does not spare the compilers of
such rhapsodies. "If we except Bourgoing,
(says he,) in whom we find very good things,
though he has several errors, I have not been

able to extract any thing from the various
books of travels and geography published in
the rest of Europe. The English in particu-
lar, the French, the Italians, and the Ger-
mans, speak of Spain as they would of some
country in the interior of Africa; and I know
not whether it is a greater fatality for them
or for us that the modern travellers copy and
multiply ancient errors."

It is not surprising that men who never set
their foot in Spain should have committed
mistakes in speaking of the country. In this
respect M. Bory has had opportunities of
obtaining correct notions of the Iberian Pen-
insula, in the numerous excursions which he
has made in it. From 1805 to 1813 he visited
most of the provinces. He travelled on horse-
back, which is the most certain mode of ob-
serving a country well. When we read his
book and examine his map, we see that he
has profited by the facilities which his official
duty as Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Dal-
matia afforded him, to traverse the country
of which he now offers a description.

It would be difficult to imagine all the errors
which have been accumulated since the time
of the Romans with regard to certain parts of
Spain. Let us take, as an example, the
country watered by the Tagus. "At the
name of this river, (says M. Bory,) which is
so celebrated by the poets, the imagination,
involuntarily roused, forms the most deligh-
tful picture of it. But (exclaims he) after
having presented this seducing description,
how far is the reality from the pompous rep-
utation which, from the time of the Romans to
our days, has been given to this most melan-
choly of rivers! Rugged perpendicular banks,
a bed generally tortuous and confined, yel-
lowish waters, almost always muddy; such
are the real characteristics of the Tagus,
which for the most part traverses a naked,
dry, desert country, where the heat of the
sun consumes a hard, stunted, woody vege-
tation; where the tempests raise clouds of
reddish dust, which penetrates the clothes,
and gives a gloomy tinge to the features of
the peasant, as well as to the dark groups
of scarlet oaks which have escaped destruc-
tion among bare and scattered rocks. The
vulture alone, among the birds of prey that
inhabit this sombre valley, hovers in the air,
threatening dirty bands of merinos, driven by
shepherds who are even more dirty than
they, the unhappy and rude companions of
the animals which they defend, not only
against the wolves, but against the numerous
lynxes which infest the mountains of Gredos
and the Lusitanian mountains. No part of
Spain is ruder or poorer than that which was
feigned to be the most lovely and the richest;
and some points, rather less neglected by na-
ture, which we find here and there upon
the river, which we have represented as it is,
cannot render it worthy of the name of the
golden Tagus, and of that celebrity which has
been conferred on it from adopting as truths
the exaggerations of the poets."

Happily this country forms but a small
part of Spain; but in general the central
parts of the peninsula have almost every
where a melancholy and desolate appearance.
The parts in this tract which are cultivated
by man, and which reward him for his labour,
have an aspect of tiresome monotony; and
consequently the traveller who proceeds from
any part of the circumference of the penin-
sula directly to Madrid, which is nearly in
the centre, conceives the most deplorable
idea of Spain.

The maritime region, on the contrary, is composed of a space nearly parallel to the coast, broader to the east and west than to the north and south; all around are mountains or declivities, from which small secondary rivers descend. This region rises with more or less rapidity from the exterior to the interior; and it is to be observed that the traveller, when he has reached its higher boundary, does not descend again. This accounts for the considerable height of the central region, which is composed of plateaux, wherever it is not crowned by mountains. The general temperature of the maritime region is sensibly more equable than in the adjacent parts of the central region; that is to say, it is rather less warm in summer, and much milder in winter. There are some particular productions which are common to the whole circumference, so that a traveller who, setting out from Cape Creus, should proceed all along the coast till he reached the mouth of the Adour, would be much less struck with a change of appearance in the districts that he successively traversed, than another, who, setting out from Bayonne or Valencia, and going in a straight line to Cadiz or Lisbon, would see the face of the country totally change several times, and according to the elevation above the level of the sea, of the plains and mountains which he would cross in the interior.

Here we have two divisions of Spain very well defined. There is another which M. Bory traces with considerable sagacity.

Four great slopes are determined in Spain by the plateaux, and the seven ranges of mountains which we observe on the surface of the Iberian peninsula. These slopes are designated by M. Bory by the names of the Cantabrian, the Lusitanian, the Iberian, and the Bætic Slope.* Each has its peculiar characteristic feature.

The Cantabrian Slope extends from the Col de Bellegarde, in the Pyrenees, to Cape Ortegal, in the gulf of Biscay. It is nowhere above fifteen leagues broad, from north to south; in some places its breadth is less. The declivities which compose it receive the whole influence which a northern aspect can have on a climate which is temperate by its position on the globe; for considerable mountains scarcely allow the breeze of the south to penetrate into it, while the winds from the north pole, crossing the seas without obstacle, fall directly, and with their whole weight, on a coast which is exposed to their immediate violence. The climate is humid and temperate; the valleys are fertile; and the natural productions have the greatest similarity with those of Bretagne, Cornwall, and even Wales. It most nearly resembles our temperate countries. The inhabitants of this Slope are those Biscayans, those Cantabrians, those Asturians, who at all times held in abhorrence the dominion of foreigners. They were the last people of Spain subdued by the Romans. The Arabs were never able to subjugate them.

The Lusitanian Slope, the most considerable of all, extends from east to west, from the mountains where the Duero, the Tagus, and the Guadiana rise, to the Atlantic Ocean, and from north to south, from Cape Ortegal to the mouth of the Guadiana.

Its temperature is warmer than that of the Cantabrian Slope, the vine thrives almost

* M. Bory uses the word *Paysan*, for which we find no better translation than Slope, which answers to the French *Pays*.

every where; it produces wines, which in general are more analogous to those of France than the wines of the Iberian and Bætic Slopes: the olive begins to cover the fields. Towards the coasts, and especially in the southern parts of Portugal, the vegetation assumes a character which greatly assimilates it to that of the Atlantic islands; the orange and the citron are as it were naturalized; the date ripens in abundance. It has been observed that the vegetables of America easily thrive there. The Lusitanian Slope seems to have a kind of affinity with America; and there are but few productions of that part of the globe which cannot succeed in its warm portions. The inhabitants of this Slope, though separated by long-existing political divisions, have however some habitudes in common, which probably depend on the general influence of their situation. It is they who have obtained that reputation for gravity and pride, which is shared by the Portuguese, and that of idleness, which has been attributed to the whole of Spain, and which is a calumny with respect to the inhabitants of the other Slopes, especially the Cantabrian, where the men are on the contrary very laborious.

The Iberian Slope occupies the whole eastern part of the peninsula, from the sources of the Ebro to the Cape of Gata. It is perhaps warmer than the preceding, even in its northern parts. The olive thrives through its whole extent, and even seems to flourish more than elsewhere; the vine affords highly-coloured and generous wines; the aloe is already used as a fence to the fields; the Cactus never freezes; the palm begins to appear; almost all the plants of the Levant, of the Archipelago, and Sicily are met with; every where we recognize that Mediterranean character of which the south of France gives us some notion, and which, common to Natolia and the coasts of Syria, has in it something of an Asiatic cast.

The Bætic Slope might also be called the African Slope. It extends from the Cape of Gata to the mouth of the Guadiana. It is, without dispute, the hottest part of the peninsula. The plants of Africa meet the eye of the traveller who comes from the north. Long hedges of aloes border all the fields; the date-trees become numerous. Already at Seville you find the Indian fig growing in several gardens; trees of the torrid zone soon become common, and we come to maritime tracts where European vegetation has almost disappeared, to make room for exotic plants, or at least such as are considered as properly belonging to the Atlantic Flora. The orange and the citron sometimes form groves of considerable extent. Like the inhabitants of the Iberian Slope, those of the Bætic Slope seem to be a mixture of the divers nations which have flourished at different periods on the shores of the Mediterranean. The Moorish character has been perfectly preserved in this country; every thing calls to mind the ancient rulers, either from an effect of that indolence which seems peculiar to the people of warm countries, or from a facility of disposition which arises from the mildness of the climate and the beauty of the country which they inhabit. The inhabitants of Bætica, frivolous, inconstant, lively, and witty, give themselves little trouble about the future, and have never resisted any body. They have very easily accommodated themselves to the dominion of every successive master, and have acted only a subordinate part in history.

Memoir of a young Greek, Mademoiselle Pauline Adelaide-Alexandre Panani, against his Serene Highness the reigning Prince of S. . . C. . . .
(From a French Journal.)

MADemoiselle Alexandre Panani complains of having been seduced by the Prince of S. . . C. . . . The two volumes she has published, and the interesting creature to whom she has given birth, do not seem to leave a doubt on the subject. She was, it is stated, but fourteen when the Prince offered her a place as *dame d'honneur* in the ducal palace—an old expedient in the drama, but enough for a young girl without experience. Having won her consent, the agents of the Prince could think of nothing better than making Mademoiselle Panani assume the dress of a man, and forwarding her under this *envelope* to his Highness by the public diligence. The second day of her journey an unexpected jolt loosened the cap and comb which fastened up the hair of the pretty traveller. The secret of her sex is discovered; in spite of the high fortune awaiting her, she finds herself the butt for all the bourgeois witticisms of which the diligence is the theatre. Her tears, her modesty, and the protection of the driver, extricate her from this embarrassment. Arrived at the place of her destination, disappointments await her cherished hopes,—there is no place for her in the palace:—the Prince, however, offers her one in his heart, as well as a lodging at one of his farms. A little anecdote here occurs, a most admirable specimen of German gallantry:—It was the Prince's wish that she should visit the chateau he inhabited. She sets off with a guide, and at the close of day arrives at the place; her guide enters, and shuts the door in her face. For two hours she is left in the open air, exposed to a most tremendous storm. At length a noble and tender voice seizes an interval between the claps of thunder, and invites her to climb a ladder placed beneath the window of her destined apartment. Our heroine, divided between the fear of the storm and that of breaking her neck, at last ventures on the chance provided by her *precocious* lover's tenderness, climbs the ladder, and escapes all dangers except a severe cold. Mademoiselle Panani describes herself to have been the victim of avaricious tyranny and cold calculating passion. She is left, a few months before her confinement, a stranger, without friends, money, or resource. Her mentor, from even the beginning, was a counsellor Tittel, the first economist of the age. This statesman had but one white shirt: on grand court occasions it was taken down from the peg in the anti-chamber, but so soon as he returned it was carefully replaced on its customary supporter. Her entreaties are answered by promises, her importunities with threats; she is hurried from place to place, and her last hope seems to have expired on receiving a severe reprimand for prodigality in the giving a piece of *douce* sous to an old beggar. She is herself obliged to have recourse to the charity of others, and an innkeeper of Dresden consents for a time to keep the son of the Prince of C. for charity. She endeavours to obtain intercessors at the court, but youth and beauty obtain for her but dangerous protectors. We come now to the tragic part of these memoirs; the éclat of her complaints, and the interest excited by her misfortunes, render her an object of hatred to her oppressor. Obligated to go to Vienna, they give her a Baron Fichter as *compagnon de voyage*, in the same carriage with herself.

Sleeping with her child in her arms, she is suddenly awakened by violent and repeated blows: she finds herself in a hollow, the carriage broken to pieces, and the baron standing at the top of the precipice quietly watching her; and it is not till the end of the day he remembers that to save appearances he ought also to be hurt, and surrounds his head with an enormous napkin. Several attempts to poison her and her child are also mentioned. These memoirs are followed by a great collection of letters from the Prince de C... and the Duchess dowager. The love-letters are rather curious: not tender effusions, but petty financial details, whose minuteness is so absolutely ridiculous, that no one could believe it was an affair of the heart. They are preceded by a letter from the Marshal Prince de Ligne, who advises the publication most strongly. He says, "All Europe ought to know this: your book will attract attention. It will inflict on the powerful the only punishment that can here reach them: it will spread through the continent the history of your misfortunes; and a future age will remember your complaint and their shame."

Such is the *Liberal Review* of a book of which we know nothing, except that its source is not the purest, and its aim detraction and revenge.

The Canto; being a Selection of interesting and approved Passages from living Authors. 8vo. pp. 312. John Richardson, London; and C. & J. White, Doncaster. 1823.

There is something of the spirit of enterprise in departing from long established customs, more especially in daring to assert contemporary claims, instead of raking among the embers of departed genius, for that light and warmth which are kindling around us in the works of living authors. Except for the purposes of controversy or criticism, few writers of the present day would have expected to be quoted as examples of excellence in a similar way to their predecessors, until they had been "dead a hundred years." It would not be difficult to trace to its source this predilection for the past; but it would be giving an unfavourable view of human nature. Good taste and sound judgment may with tolerable certainty anticipate what posterity may appreciate, and we think in this instance the editor has performed his part with sufficient skill to make these varieties acceptable to the public. The selection is made with a view to a moral and instructive tendency, while it is entertaining throughout. The volume is neatly printed, and embellished with a very ornamental and tasteful title-page.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, August 2, 1823.
I HAVE informed you that Spain has not only presented a field for military and political, but for literary speculation and enterprise; and I sent you the titles of several works of circumstance. You may judge by the following additional list that our authors and booksellers had only commenced the exploitation of that unhappy country to their profit and advantage. The war has taken a character so serious, and presents incidents and personages so curious and so diversified, that all sorts of publications are got up, and all are read, or at least looked over.

Précis de l'Histoire d'Espagne; translated from the Spanish of d'Ascargota. 2 vols. 8vo.

Histoire de l'Inquisition d'Espagne abrégée, par Leonard Gallois. 1 vol. 12mo.

Résumé de l'Histoire d'Espagne jusqu'à la Révolution de l'Isle de Leon, par Rabbe, avec un Introduction par M. Felix Bodin. 1 vol. 12mo.

Conquête de l'Andalousie en 1810 et 1811, par Ed. Lapéne, Capitaine d'Artillerie. 1 vol. 8vo.

Duc de Vendôme en Espagne, précis de sa vie et ses dernières Campagnes. 1 vol. 8vo.

Duc d'Angoulême à Burgos, Anecdote historique suivie de Poesies diverses, par A. Delalonde. 1 vol. 8vo.

Pourquoi la Constitution Espagnole tombe-t-elle, &c. &c. 8vo.

De l'Administration de l'Armée de l'Espagne. 1 vol. 8vo.

Description des Danses Catalanes, exécutées en présence de la Duchesse d'Angoulême.

Médailles Biographiques. 1^{re} Médaille, Mina; 2^e Morillo.

Among all these none furnish more interesting descriptions of the most important class of Spanish combatants,—the *Guerillas* and *Miguelets*, than the *Réminiscences de l'Espagne*.

"The Guerilla (says the author) is chameleon and Protée to the last degree.—The herdsmen and shepherds, who feed their flocks in apparent stupidity and listlessness, serve them as spies, and inform and advertise them by the note of a whistle, which echoes and re-echoes from rock to rock. Entering the towns under cover of their impenetrable cloaks, the Guerillas laugh and drink with the French, but are not for a moment unobservant. They ascertain all the plans of their enemy, the departure of convoys, of sick or wounded, of money or provision, of a courier or a detachment; and by the most able stratagems, they suddenly collect, fall on the booty, seize the money or the provisions, murder the escort, and disperse and disappear as rapidly as they assemble and attack; and when rewarded by the spoil, they leave the bodies of their foes and their dupes to the fowls of heaven.

"The labourer has his arms concealed in the handle of his spade or the stock of his plough—*qu'on y regarde bien!* The rock that appears immovable from its massive weight and colossal form, has its slips and its curtains; it turns on its axis, and makes a battery of blunderbusses. Sometimes two hundred Guerillas are flat on the earth behind the smallest ledge—you have no suspicion; in a moment a pistol fired by the chief is the signal for a volley, and they then rush like Arabs on the astonished party, and massacre all they can seize, shouting the oath which is the energetic accompaniment of every Castilian enterprise, '*Caraco de Demonio!*'

"We surprised one day, in the gorges of the Sierra Morena, two Guerillas sleeping under a rock which formed a vault over their heads. The beams of the moon fell on the countenances of these modern Endymions. What a subject for a painter! Their weapons, grasped by their murderous hands, still appeared menacing and destructive; on their breasts glittered the terrible *alcato*, or whistle of crystal; a *rosario* of granite mixed with precious stones; and finally, the horrible quadrangular stiletto. Alas! how much French blood had that steel already spilt! I remained, with five or six grenadiers, some minutes in contemplation. What muscles! what limbs! what energy, even in repose! In a few moments they were handcuffed, and under a good escort in the centre of a column; but their eyes were still insolent and prophetic: 'You dare not kill us,' they seemed to say;—*los umbres*, the men are near us."

As an example of the vindictive cruelty of the Miguelets, the author reports the following fact:

"A young surgeon, accompanied by a colonel and his orderly, lost his way, and missed the convoy to which they belonged. They marched at random for some time among the rocks, and at length perceiving a village spire, the hope of finding a French port determined them to proceed in that direction. The village was abandoned, pillaged, and presented only the horrors of solitude and the disasters of war. The young surgeon ventured, however, to enter one of the wretched hovels that remained, and went even into the caves to see if wine or provisions were yet concealed; but what was his terror and anguish, when he beheld in these caves a frightful heap of bloody carcasses! Seventeen Frenchmen, massacred the night before, or perhaps that very day, floating in their blood, and mutilated in almost every member of their bodies, the victims, doubtless, of some perfidious friend or some mysterious ambush. Unable to endure the spectacle, and renouncing all hopes of finding a single skin of wine, he was retiring from the cave, when all on a sudden a head, pale, livid, and streaming with a liquor like blood, thrust itself from a large tun! 'Ah, my dear officer!' cried an Hussar, who had saved his life by concealing himself in a cask of wine, 'what miracle has brought you here to save me?' L'Empecinado had surprised the party and butchered all but this poor fellow, who in the tumult preserved presence of mind enough to jump into the precious liquor.

"The colonel, to avenge the seventeen murdered, set fire to the four corners of the village; but when the flames began to crack and fly, thirty or forty Miguelets rushed from their concealment, and uttering horrid imprecations, discharged, with incredible rapidity, their blunderbusses on the incendiaries, already beyond the reach of their shot. No one was wounded; but had they unfortunately unbridled their horses, or entered any house to refresh themselves, they had all joined the manes of the seventeen who were slumbering in death in the sepulchral cave."

Aug. 9.

La Chapelle Mystérieuse, a new Roman, has appeared from the pen of M. Hippolyte Magnien, who has already written several pieces for the theatre. The incidents and the style of this new production are far above mediocrity.

Another light publication in verse has been brought out by M. Eugene Pradel, prisoner at Sainte Pelagie. It is a *conte*, entitled the *Trois Soldats*, and is not only poetic and ingenious, but as patriotic as might be expected from a young man imprisoned in the quarters lately inhabited by MM. Jay, Jony and Magallon.

The *Recueil des Fables* of M. Rigand is a third poetic volume of the day which occupies public attention. The *naïveté* and the *versification spirituelle* of this collection, please the gens de bon goût. The following fable may afford a specimen of the style and spirit of the author:

Un voyageur mourant de fatigue et de faim,
Rencontre un pâtre, un misérable,
Et lui demande un peu de pain.
Le Pâtre est malheureux, donc il est charitable.
Si vous aviez hâti le pas,
Dit-il, je vous aurais admis à mon repas.

D'un modeste souper mon chien, dans la bruyère,
A mangé le dernier morceau.

La nuit vient; à l'heure de gagner ce château—
Non, dit le Pelerin, je vois une chambrée.

Juden dans les Gaules, the tragedy of M. Jouy, which the *œuvre* had prevented from being performed; was read last Tuesday with much applause in a sitting of the Académie Française.

A *couvreur* (slater) at Nevers has lately published a *recueil des chansons* of his own composition. The ideas are as remarkable for their loftiness as the style is for its regularity. The critics explain the combination as natural; the hauteur of his conceptions is natural; for he works nearer the heavens than any of his contemporary poets; and the regularity of his verse is not surprising, as he is obliged to give to every tile a *penté* exact, and the whole of his labour a precise direction.

M. Beaumais, a distinguished dramatic author, died the day before yesterday at a very advanced age. He has left several very curious manuscripts. A *Roman*, entitled *Attila*, had lately appeared from his pen.

It is remarkable that within a few days many aged persons have been taken off by death; among others, two public men, highly respected both in the literary and political world. M. Savoye Rollin, Member of the Parliament of Grenoble before the Revolution, has left many memoirs and opinions highly esteemed by the bar. M. Lambrechts, another civilian before the Revolution, is also dead; and though a reputed Catholic, he requested M. Boissard, Lutheran minister, to perform a religious service on his death; and has left a considerable sum of money to found a Protestant hospital at Paris.

A fine bust of the Duc d'Orléans is just finished by M. Flatters. It is a very striking likeness, and some say a flatterer resemblance of the Duke.

The *Griottes*, Vandeville, has been highly applauded at the Gymnase. This *morceau* is from the joint talents and taste of MM. Scribe and Dupin.

A new melo-drame is to be brought out at Porte St. Martin, entitled *La Canne et le Chapeau*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EGYPT: THE OASIS.

M. LETRONNE, in his review of Sir A. Edmonstone's volume of Egyptian travels, gives a hit or two at M. Jomard. The following are the extracts relative to this subject.

Sir A. Edmonstone visited this country in the beginning of 1819, about seven months after M. Cailliaud; but he did not see the first Number of M. C.'s work (published in April 1822) till his own narrative was in the press, which renders the comparison of the accounts of those two travellers the more interesting. Sir A. E., however, puts forth no scientific pretensions; his book is only a very short journal, drawn up with a degree of simplicity which inspires full confidence; printed besides without ostentation, of a convenient size, with pretty vignettes on stone. We should feel obliged to the author for this service; for it would have depended only on himself to convert, in his turn, a slender journal into a thick folio, by the aid of long dissertations foreign to the subject, and to have his little designs engraved on a large scale, in order to give himself the honour of a *voyage pittoresque*.

Speaking of M. Drovetti's journal, pub-

lished by M. Jomard in the first Number of

M. Cailliaud's travels, M. Letronne says:—

"We must observe here, that M. Drovetti's journal agrees in several particulars with that which we have just analysed; the latter, which is much less dry, is accompanied by three pretty vignettes, representing El Kasr, and the ancient edifices of Ayn-Amour and of Dar-el-Hadjar. The same names of villages appear in both journals, but placed differently with respect to each other. The English traveller observes that the positions which he gives were determined from the summit of an eminence by means of a compass; now as the places were always at a considerable distance, it is possible the guides may have made some mistakes in the names to be assigned to each; hence the difference which we observe between the two accounts. But there is a much greater difference in the direction given to this Oasis on the map of Sir A. E. and on that laid down by M. Jomard from the itinerary of M. Drovetti. In the one the Oasis extends from east to west, in the other from north to south: thus the difference is an entire fourth part of the compass. M. Jomard observes, 'that M. Drovetti having furnished only approximate distances, and but few directions, he gives this part of the map only as conjectural.' M. D. has, however, given one of those positive indications which a professed geographer would not have failed to lay hold of; in fact, it must be observed that by placing the Oasis in the direction from north to south, M. Jomard has been obliged to fix the position of Kasr quite to the south; whereas, by making the direction from east to west, Sir A. Edmonstone places it at the north-eastern extremity of the Oasis. Now M. Drovetti says, that 'from Kasr, proceeding to the north, you may in less than four days go to the Oasis of Tarrafé, whence you go to the little Oasis.' From this it is evident that Kasr cannot be situated to the south; otherwise M. Drovetti would have made as absurd an observation, as if a person, desiring to mark the distance between France and Denmark, were to say, that between France and Denmark it is so many days' journey, *setting out from Marseilles*. This remark was sufficient to shew the real direction of the Oasis, and to prevent so serious an error."

M. Letronne mentions the differences between Sir A. Edmonstone's drawings of the temple at El-Khargeh, and those of M. Cailliaud. "Sir A. Edmonstone (says he) assures us that the two large views in M. Cailliaud's travels (pl. 18, 19) give but a very imperfect idea of it; this in fact results from a comparison of these plates with the two pretty vignettes which accompany his narrative."

To this passage M. L. adds the following note:—"Let us here call to mind, for the sake of the sciences and of M. Cailliaud, how much all well-informed persons have regretted, that it was determined at all events to make of the shapeless sketches (*informes croquis*) brought back by this traveller, large views, engraved by the same artists to whom we are indebted for the fine plates in the Description of Egypt. If the publisher had been content to reproduce, in small vignettes, those fruits of the unskilful pencil of a man who never knew how to draw, their defects would have appeared less offensive to the eyes of the connoisseur; and if no more had been published than the Analects and very short journal of the modest traveller, with a figured

copy of the inscriptions which he has discovered and collected with so much pains and care, the whole of these materials would have formed, not a volume in folio, of the price of 120 francs, but a small octavo of about 200 pages, the publication of which would not have required three months, whereas three whole years have been employed to publish only the first Number of the Journey to the Oasis of Thebes; and during this interval other travellers have published narratives of interesting excursions in the same country, copied a second time, and published first, the inscriptions discovered by M. Cailliaud, and anticipated, in almost every particular, this young and courageous traveller."

LITERATURE.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

An Account of the King; or the Canonical and

Moral Books of the Chinese (continued.)

THE fourth of the great King, the *Li-Ki*, consists of forty-nine chapters, of which only seventeen are authentic, treating principally of the Chinese ritual, and of various moral obligations. The value of this book is extremely enhanced by the details which it contains respecting the religion, the government, the laws, the manners, and the customs of the ancient Chinese; from the commencement of the monarchy, to the fifth century before Jesus Christ. Above all, it comprehends some very curious explanations with regard to the performance of the duties of filial piety.

"A well-bred son never lies in the middle of the apartment, never sits on the middle of the mat, never passes through the middle of the door. A son imbued with filial piety hears his father and mother without their speaking to him, and sees them without being in their presence. A son, when living with his parents, possesses nothing of his own. He cannot even expose his life for a friend. The murderer of your father must not remain under the same sky with you; you should never lay down your arms while that of your brother still lives; and you ought not to inhabit the same country with that of your friend. A son who walks with his father, keeps a step in his rear; and only follows him. A younger pays the same respect to an elder brother. At the earliest crowing of the cock, the children and the daughters-in-law enter the chamber of the father and mother; present them with water to wash, give them their clothes, beat up the bolsters, roll up the mat, and sprinkle the room with water. When the father and mother wish to go to bed, the children and the daughters-in-law hasten to assist them. The eldest son presents the mat, and asks them on which side of the apartment they prefer reposing. The youngest son unrolls the mattresses and bedclothes. A son, who is in employment, and who lives separately from his father and mother, comes every morning to ask them what they would like to eat. At sunrise, he goes to attend to his business; but at night he returns to salute his father and mother. When they are at table, their children and daughters-in-law are all by their sides; and remain there until the end of the repast, for the purpose of serving them. If the father is dead, the eldest son takes the lead of the others in serving his mother."

The following precepts however go too far; for they reduce to rules what ought to be the spontaneous, and not the premeditated effect of the state of the mind, and may pro-

duce hypocrisy and affectation, which are much worse than insensibility:—

"When a father or mother is sick, a son neglects his turban, his countenance is embarrassed, his words are vague and unmeaning; he touches no instrument of music, he eats without appetite, he drinks without taste, he smiles faintly, and he has not strength enough to put himself in a passion.

"A son whose father has just expired, is as if thunderstruck. He resembles a man absorbed in thought, who does not know how to advance or how to retire. When the corpse is placed in the coffin, his wandering eyes fix nowhere; he is like a man dismayed, who seeks with anxiety that which he despairs of finding. At the funeral his face is destitute of expression; he is like a man who faints on beholding all his hopes at once perish."

Is there not reason to fear that usages so minutely prescribed will degenerate into grimace; and that in this devotion to parents, as in many other kinds of devotion, the moral feeling will become less pure and sincere as religious ceremonies and rigid observances are multiplied? However, the Legislator has taken care to impose limits to mortification and despair:—

"The strictness of mourning ought not to be allowed to dwindle the frame, or to enfeeble the sight or the hearing. If any one has a wound in the head, he may wash it; if any one is heated, he may take a bath; if any one is ill, he may eat meat and drink wine; but he must resume the observances of the mourning, as soon as he has recovered; to neglect them would be to outrage nature, and to shure filial piety. When any one has reached fifty years of age, he is not obliged to push the abstinence of mourning to emaciation. At sixty, he must avoid doing so; and must retrace very few articles of food. At seventy, he need only wear mourning habits; and may eat meat, drink wine, and sleep in his usual apartment."

In China, mourning for a father lasts three years. Several passages in the Li-Ki mention that usage.

Tse-Tchang asked if it was true, as reported in the Chouking, that Koa-Sung passed three years without speaking; and did not begin, until after the expiration of that term, to regulate the affairs of the Empire? "Yes, undoubtedly (replied Confucius), and very properly. In ancient times, when the Emperor died, the hereditary Prince did not interfere with the government during the three years of mourning, but left the care of it to his minister." To me it appears that the memory of good Princes would have received greater honour from a totally opposite conduct.

I have little to say respecting the Yo-King, or king of music; the last of the canonical books of the first class. This book is entirely lost; but in the Li-Ki, a beautiful fragment of it is preserved, which I subjoin:—

"In the temples and halls of our ancestors music must equally inspire the Prince, and the subject, the haughty and the humble, with religion; in public festivals, and assemblies of kinsmen, the old and the young, with complaisance and regard; in families and households, fathers and sons, brothers and sisters, with affection and tenderness. The more we contemplate Music, the more we shall find that its sole object, whether with respect to its essence or its accessories, is to draw closer the ties which bind the father to the son, the Prince to the subject, and all men to one another."

All that is known of the Yo-King is, that it was taught in the schools; that its canticles were sung in religious ceremonies; and that musicians were obliged to learn it by heart. It is supposed that this memorial of the ancient religion of China was destroyed by the sects of Fo and Tse-tze, when they became all-powerful at court.

[We will give the second part of this literary curiosity in our next Number.]

FINE ARTS.

An Illustration of the Architecture and Sculpture of the Cathedral Church of Worcester.
By Charles Wild. Large folio, London 1823.

Feeling fully the force of the epigraph prefixed to this volume, from Fuller's Church History,—"When these fabrics shall have passed away, their very shadows will be acceptable to posterity;" we never look upon any addition to our Cathedral and important antiquarian illustrations, without mingling a strong sense of good will towards its author with those more general and higher sentiments which his work inspires. Unless, indeed, we go into the extreme, and consider all earthly things as vanity, such subjects will always possess a powerful interest for the human mind; and the finer that mind is, the more likely will it be to indulge in even the reveries of research,—inquiring from the tombstone, whose dust has slept for centuries below, what were the deeds of that cross-legged warrior, whose rudely sculptured effigy reclines stiffly in the pale marble; what the fate of that once warm and beautiful form, whose gorgeously gilt resemblance has lain five hundred years unmoved by his side? These are investigations which soften and improve the heart; and we may be assured, that no man who yields to their salutary impressions can be habitually stern or cruel, or depraved.

The work before us is a very excellent specimen of a class with which our Arts and literature have of late years been greatly enriched. Mr. Britton's labours in this way have merited the highest eulogiums; and Mr. Wild is also entitled to no mean share of public praise and gratitude.

Worcester Cathedral, among others, claims the attention of the curious, both for its architecture and its monuments, but especially for the latter. The principal city of Wiccia, a division of the ancient kingdom of Mercia, was called by our Saxon forefathers Wichirne, Wigorne, latia Wigornia; whence, when fortified by the Romans and the word caestre added, was derived Wigornia caestre, Wigra-caestre, Wearcaestre, Worcester. It became a separate Bishoprick so early as 679, and its first church was dedicated to St. Peter. From the time of Bosellus, the first dignitary, to the present date, the names of one hundred and two Bishops are given, including St. Edwin, St. Dunstan, St. Oswald, St. Wulstan, and the later names of Latimer, Whitgift, Prideaux, Stillingfleet, Hurd, and other great and learned men.

The foundation of the present building was laid by Wulstan, probably in the last quarter of the eleventh century, as in 1088 the monks, augmented from St. Oswald's original twelve to fifty in number, were received in the new church. Of this work the Crypt remains; and when at by whom parts were afterwards built, in consequence of fires (as in 1162-1202) or of added institutions, no memorial remains to inform us. All that can be done

is to guess at the probable periods from the different styles which are visible in the architecture; but as this inquiry could hardly be made gratifying to our readers, we leave it to closer antiquarians, who will themselves be induced to turn from the subject with horror, when they find that only twenty years ago the noble tower was utterly ruined, under the designation of being repaired. Nor is this, though the greatest, the only cause of regret which the lovers of antiquity have to experience in Worcester cathedral. Mr. Wild observes,

"As in most examples of the period ascribed to these parts, the columns, throughout the choir and east end of the church, are formed of marble, supposed to have been usually taken from Petworth in Sussex, or Purbeck in Dorsetshire. Those in this Cathedral have suffered little from the effect of time; but their beauty has been concealed under successive coats of whitewash, a material too generally and profusely employed in our ecclesiastical buildings, to the barbarous detriment of both their picturesque effect, and sculptural embellishments."

This is a circumstance which has many a time and oft provoked our spleen; nor is it perhaps too much to say that three-fourths of the most interesting and remarkable monuments now in Great Britain are in such a condition of white-washed pollution and filth, as to be spoilt for every picturesque or rational object. We are not fond of Acts of Parliament upon all occasions; but a general act of taste, which could procure this defacement to be removed (an easy and not expensive business,) would be one of the most beneficial measures which could be carried into effect, with regard to our cathedrals and other public edifices.

Speaking of the tombs in Worcester, (and we quote it as our sole example of Mr. Wild's manner) the author says,

"Of the sepulchral monuments which this church contained previously to the dissolution, many have disappeared altogether, and of those which remain, but few have been satisfactorily identified."

"The monument of King John, which forms so important a feature in the choir, is probably the most ancient as well as the most interesting. That ill-fated monarch was here deposited, conformably to his own desire,* between the shrines of St. Oswald and St. Wulstan, which stood on either side the high altar of St. Wulstan's church; and it is therefore probable, that it did not occupy precisely its present situation; since if its plan be transferred to the crypt, it will be found to fall over its extreme east end."

"An idea, that the body of this king was interred at the present east end of the presbytery, at the spot described on the ground-plan, having prevailed among several antiquaries (who overlooked that the form and extent of the church at the time of King John's death must have been altogether different from what it is at present) induced the late Dean, Dr. St. John, to propose the removal of the monument to that situation. The operation was commenced on the 17th of July 1797, when the body of the king was found to be contained in a stone coffin lying on the pavement of the choir. On this discovery the Dean and Chapter were convened, and the observations then made, principally by Mr. Sandford, an eminent surgeon, together with

* Annales Eccles. Wigorn. anno 1215.

a drawing from the pencil of Mr. James Ross, were published by Mr. Valentine Green.

It appeared from the skeleton, which had not escaped the usual effects of time, that the body had been originally placed as represented by the effigy, habited in a long robe, which was presumed to have been of embroidered crimson damask; the head was enveloped in a cowl, & tied under the chin, the left hand holding a sword, which for the most part had perished.

The coffin is of stone, larger at the one end than the other, with a circular cavity for the head. It was found covered merely by two thick elm boards, its original lid having been the stone on which the effigy immediately lies, which corresponds with it in form and dimensions, and it may be presumed that the present altar tomb, on which the effigy is now raised, was not erected before the 16th century.

This statue is five feet one inch long; it is carved in Purbeck marble, and was probably made immediately after the monarch's decease, since as a work of art it is less admirable than the better kind of sculpture executed later in the 13th century. As the head contains nothing of the ideal, it may be presumed that the sculptor aimed at portraiture, and it might thence be inferred that the countenance of this monarch corresponded with his heart. He is habited in a vest thickly plaited, which appears to have been formerly (perhaps originally) coloured crimson and gold. The coronet, sword, boots, and the lion at his feet, have all been gilt. The coronet, which was inscribed *Johannes Rex Anglie*; the collar, the back of the gloves, the bordure at the bottom of the sleeves, the handle and hilt of the sword, and the mitres, collars, and gloves of the bishops, contain shallow concavities of an elliptical form, in which jewels or other ornaments were originally placed. The right hand holds the handle of a sceptre, which no longer remains; it was probably of some valuable material, and moveable, as the handle is drilled to receive the pin by which it was fastened. The middle finger of the right hand bears a ring cut in marble. The sword held by the left hand terminates in the mouth of the animal at his feet; and there yet remain some indications that the face has been coloured to imitate flesh, and the hair of a golden red. The shields on the faces of the tomb are emblazoned, Gules, three Lions passant guardant, Or.

There is one important fact which we remember struck us on a visit to Worcester Cathedral, which is not here alluded to, and which opens a wide field for very curious inquiry. The figure on the tomb has evidently one limb longer than the other; and we were assured, that on opening the monarch's coffin and examining the skeleton, it was found that the bones of one leg and foot were longer than the bones of the other. If this be true, and we have no reason to doubt it, is there not some cause for believing that all those pieces of sculpture which we see on monuments, were, as near as the arts of the age could make them, fac-similes of the corpses below? And if this were established, to how many interesting matters respecting kings, heroes, famed beauties, learned men,

An Account of the Discovery of the Body of King John. &c. Worcester 1797.
Hollingshead's Chron. iii. 193.
Leland's Itinerary, vol. 106.

costume, &c. &c. must it not naturally lead? But we can at present only throw out the hint, and conclude by stating, that Mr. Wild's plates are delightfully executed, and every way worthy of his own talent, his industry, and the public patronage.

ENGLISH NATIONAL GALLERY.

Sir,—Attached to the celebrated Gallery at Florence, are two apartments appropriated to the reception of portraits of artists painted by themselves; and generally by themselves presented to the Government. These portraits, of which there are a considerable number of all schools and periods, are exceedingly interesting. Amongst those of Englishmen are Sir Joshua Reynolds, Northcote, Moore, Prince Hoare, Harlow, and Brockedon, which afford peculiar gratification to an English eye. As the general wish for the establishment of a National Gallery in London seems likely to be indulged, I think it not improper to suggest (through the medium of your paper) how popular it would be to set apart a room for the purpose of receiving such portraits of artists, painted by themselves, as any individuals might please gratuitously to present to the British public. I have the honour to be, &c. &c. W. W.

THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE.

THE pictures painted for the Academical prize of the present year are now exhibiting at the Ancient Museum, in the Petits-Augustins at Paris. The subject is a Scene from the Electra of Sophocles. Egisthus, on the report of the death of Orestes, whom Orestes himself, under a false name, pretends to have killed, hastens to enjoy the pleasure of contemplating a fallen foe. He eagerly lifts the veil which he fancies covers the remains of the young prince; but, instead of the corpse of Orestes, he beholds with horror that of Clytemnestra. The competitors for the prize are nine in number; but, if we may judge from the remarks of the Parisian Journalists, none of their works indicate any extraordinary power. A tendency to excessive vivacity of colouring (a fault from which the French School of Painting has been of late years exempt) is especially remarked and regretted by the critics.

The Academy have adjudged the prizes as follows:—The first grand prize to M. Debay, pupil to M. Gros; the second grand prize to M. Bouchot, pupil to M. Lethiers; the first prize of the second class to M. Féron, pupil to M. Gros; the second prize of the second class to M. Norblin, pupil to M. Regnault. It appears that a tenth competitor, M. Lavrière, who had formerly gained two prizes, was prevented from finishing a picture which he had begun for the present occasion, by his grief at the sudden death of his brother, a young artist of great promise.

Our Paris Correspondent informs us that an experiment promising considerable success has been made in that city: It is an attempt to preserve the large paintings of the most distinguished artists by the employment of plates of pottery. The different parts of a large picture are united by a composition, and so coloured as to disguise completely the joint. The artists who work at this experiment propose by this means to produce paintings as durable as mosaics, of much easier execution, and at a very moderate price.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES.

Dear Child, we now are left alone on earth,
The grave has those who loved us—desolate
Our home of happiness: the dear fire-side
Round which we clung has many a vacant place—
Death has pass'd o'er it.

There is no smile to answer thine,
No gentle lip thy lip to press;
There is no look of love, save mine,
To meet thy look in tenderness.

But thou art dearer, thus bereft,
Since all who loved thee so are gone;
Dearer to me thus lonely left,
Oh far more dear, thou orphan'd one!

I loved thee well in happier hour,
Not then thus desolate on earth,—
When thou wert as a favourite flower,
The cherished blossom of our hearth.

Now thou and I alone remain,
And thou art doubly dear to me!
A sweet link of the broken chain
Whose last fond relic rests with thee. L. E. L.

FRAGMENT.

Oh it is veriest vanity to love!—
Lovers are misers, who hoard up a store
Of wealth that cannot profit them, but turns
To weariness or waste. And what is love,
So sought with deep anxiety till won?

Beautiful disappointment when once gained,
We are now seated by a green turf grave:
The white rose, which hangs o'er it drooping,
Parched by the summer, for which yet it pined
Throughout the winter, is the history
Of its cold tenant. She was a fair girl,
The very flower of Andalusian maids;
No one so often heard the light guitar
Steal on her midnight; and tho' rarely gold
Or pearls bound her dark tresses, there were few
Of nobler birth, or of more ladian wealth.
So very young, so beautiful, 'twas like
The sudden fading of a bud in spring—
On which there is no mark of blight or worm,
When her place was found vacant in the dance,
And her soft voice was missed; when it was said
That in a convent's solitude she hid
The light and bloom of her sweet April time.
They did not know how youth's best pleasures pall
When the heart is not in them, or how much
Of happiness is in those secret thoughts
Which each hides from the other. ISABEL

Lived but in one deep feeling, for she loved—
Loved with that wild and intense love which dwells
In silence, secrecy, and hopelessness,
And deemed a cloister was the fittest shade
For unrequited tenderness; and love,
Nourished by blushes and by passionate tears,
Grew like a fairy flower, until it filled
The solitary heart with fancied beauty.

They say there is a destiny in love:
'Twas so with ISABEL. Some one had breathed
The secret cause that turned her from the world;
She had been loved although she knew it not,
And vow and veil of the dark convent cell
Were changed for bridal ones.

Alas, the vanity of these warm feelings!
A little while, and hers was happiness;
But this low grave, where rests the broken heart,
May tell how short it was. The heart which made
A world-trail of visionary hopes,
Might never bear the chill realities,
All that affection has to learn and brook
When its first colouring is departed. Love,
I can but liken thee to the red bloom
Upon the apple,—making the outside bright,
But reaching not the core! L. E. L.

HERO'S SONG.

Haste, haste thee, Youth, too boldly brave
Mid storms and tempests of the sky,
While far reflected o'er the wave
Thy HERO lifts her torch on high!
Beacon of Love, fair Venus' star,
O ting thy twinkling beam afar,
And many a myrtle-wreath shall twine
Around thy pure and spotless shrine!
Heed not the darkness o'er the deep!
Heed not the sea-bird's boding cry!
From rocky Sestos' lonely steep
Thy HERO waves her torch on high;
And milder gales are breathing here—
And Love provides thee hollier cheer—
Be thine, fond youth, the change to trace
From circling waves to Love's embrace!
Spirit of Helle, daring maid,
That nightly haunt'st the watery surge,
Where erst in Death's cold slumber laid,
A brother hymned thy funeral dirge;
Oh, be to love that aid supplied
Which envious gods to thee denied,
So blushing maids on holy days
Shall chant thy guardian Helle's praise!
I see his white arm 'mid the spray—
He lands—he climbs the rock's rude stair!
What dangers dread in long array,
Wing'd Boy, thou bidd'st thy votary dare!
A father's wrath, a mother's sigh,
So HERO wave her torch on high—
Deep gulfs beneath—dark clouds above—
And all to win a Maiden's love!

D. MILLIEN.

ON JENNER.

Hei mihi! quod nulla mors est vitabilis arte!
Et tibi nil prodest alios anasse faciat.
Beneath this Stone Immortal JENNER lies;
His Soul is mounted to its native skies,
Born for the world, his comprehensive mind
Soon found a way to benefit mankind.
Awed by his word, the dire contagion fled,
Though now, alas! the great Magician's dead.
In ancient Rome, a custom 'twas to grace
Who saved one member of the human race
With an oak crown; to him what laurels, then,
Are due, who sav'd from death so many men?
Reader, bedew this marble with a tear,
For JENNER, who preserved thy life, lies here!
A. L. etat 13.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE BARLEY-CORN CLUB. NO. IV.

A Consultation.

At our meeting last night, Captain Sandys, whose turn it was to be purveyor, fully availed himself of the privilege always allowed him on such occasions, of extemporising, ad libitum, on his Continental Travels. He had just got over an arduous transit of the Alps, and was descending leisurely into Lombardy, when he was thus addressed by Edward Stukeley: "Captain, I am sorry to interrupt you; but while you change horses, will you allow George Vaughan here to read a memorandum relative to a recent extension of my own?" Most willingly, answered the Captain. "All that I need say by way of preface," rejoined Edward, "is, that during my late visit to town, having been prevailed on to accept an invitation to dine with a professional party at the Albion, I proceeded thither, expecting to be edified by a grave, luminous, and eloquent exposition of the present state of anatomical, chemical, and medical science in the metropolis, enriched by profound remarks from some of the most learned of the faculty. Oppressed with apprehensions like those which I well remember, preceded my examination at Surgeons' Hall, I felt it incumbent on me to act the part of

a mute and meek disciple. Ere the cloth was removed, however, the silence of diffidence was followed by that of astonishment, which did not subside until after the party broke up, when I relieved myself by recording the scene fresh from memory. Read, George, read."

After-dinner Conversation at a Medical Party. Present, Dr. Dietbread, in the Chair; Dr. Levanter; Sir Gingerbread Slumber; Dr. Diddleum; Dr. Diapente; Dr. Rantipole; Dr. Placebo; Dr. Forceps; Mr. Sharpeat, Surgeon; Mr. Ivory, Dentist; Mr. Cowley, Vaccinator; Mr. Hoofly, Veterinary Surgeon; Solomon Strabout, Apothecary.

Dr. Dietbread. Gentlemen, charge your glasses—bumpers. "May disease multiply in all its presentations."

All. Good; good. A provident chairman! Dr. Levanter. If my proposal for the abolition of the quarantine laws had been adopted, the practitioners of medicine would have reaped an abundant harvest. We have lately introduced into our conservatories all the choicest exotics with their adhering vermin; and I think my endeavours to import the plague entitle me to the grateful thanks of the profession at large;—but I have been cruelly neglected. Dr. Diddleum, you have been more fortunate; the repositories which you have established for preserving a stock of typhus, contagion, and scarlet fever, for the supply of the metropolis, have succeeded much better.

Dr. Diddleum. I feel highly complimented by the flattering notice with which you are pleased to regard my exertions; and be assured that, as an honourable member of our profession, I shall at all times be on the alert to advance its true interests. To manifest my zeal in the cause, it is my intention, as we are only visited periodically by the measles, to found a repository where the malady may be had genuine at all times. In the present state of medicine there is an imperative necessity for the strenuous co-operation of its members. The public confidence in our art has considerably abated; for the diffusion of medical knowledge has flattered the conceit and weakened the credulity indispensably necessary to every patient.

Dr. Placebo. Allow me to hope that you are mistaken on this point; as all medical books (and I have published many) are supremely elevated above the comprehension of the public.

Dr. Diddleum. That, Doctor, may be very true; but still these mischievous publications lead men to form their own opinions, and prescribe for themselves, to the dereliction of professional advice. There is the rub: medical books are mere lures,—hooks nicely baited for the sport and emolument of the author; and with respect to their contents, they are as unintelligible to the gentlemen of the faculty as to the public. Be assured, Doctor, that the effort to diffuse light tends to keep every one in the dark; and for the truth of this position I will appeal to Mr. Cataract, the most celebrated of modern oculists.

Cataract. It is very true: few of my operations on the eye succeed; but I find that people are more contented with total darkness than with a dim and glimmering twilight. Were it not for the fee, I might, ninety-nine times in a hundred, as soon attempt to make a bull's head in the butcher's shop see the customer who cheapens it, as to restore vision to my patients by couching or extraction.

Dr. Dietbread. Come, gentlemen, charge your glasses—bumpers. Cataract. No day-light. Dr. Dietbread. Gentlemen, we will drink the foundations of medical prosperity.—Cant, Humbug, and Classification. May I ask you, Mr. Solomon Strabout, if you are busy as present, for of late I have had very little to do? There is no prevailing epidemic this season, and the town appears to be unseasonably and indeed alarmingly healthy.

Solomon. Friend Dietbread, if a man wait till the sky falleth, it will be a long time before he catcheth larks. That good which bounteous na-

ture supplieth not, it is the province of art to furnish. All seasons, by proper management, may be rendered unhealthy. For example; in every vicissitude of weather I strongly recommend air and exercise to the rising generation. In winter, when children are abroad, they will take cold, and then cometh a harvest of pectoral mixtures, and embrocations for kiled beads. When nursery-minds meet they must have some talk, during which the little ones congregate together, and by kissing and handling each other, infallibly communicate infectious disorders, measles, fever, scald heads, and the like. Moreover, I always petition mamma to allow little Master and Miss to see the Lord Mayor's Show, and the men in armour; so that, the window being open, and they arranged before it, with a good fire in the room, the external air rushing in with a blast, inevitably produceth a sore throat, which demandeth gargles that they may be able to swallow internal remedies. These are contingent sources of profit, which a prudent practitioner always keepeth in view. In the summer-time, as I am fond of children, and wish them to become attached to me,—because when the patient lacketh confidence, the disorder is inadequately treated,—I always carry in my pockets a store of ants, unripe apples, and especially green gooseberries; and when I meet them, having first inquired of the young woman concerning the health of the family, and extorted its secrets under a promise of some lavender-water, I slyly slip into the hands of the little dearies sufficient to insure the gripes in the course of the evening.

Dr. Dietbread. Mr. Solomon Strabout, you possess a rare union of professional information and knowledge of the world; a vast insight into the lucrative science of diffusing disease and concentrating emolument; a felicitous adaptation of morbid agents to subdue the refractory energies of a sound constitution; and by a mastery of contrivance—ad delicate metamorphosis—to commutate the roseate tints of health into the pallor of disease.

Solomon Strabout. Dost thou think, Sir Gingerbread Slumber, that the Sir prefixed to thy name on the brass-plate, and the word Doctor omitted, hath increased thy practice? Art thou of opinion that the title hath introduced thee to better patients?

Sir Gingerbread. All that is to come. As yet I am but green in knighthood; but I expect my honours will speedily ripen into emolument. The distinction was, I may say, forced upon me.

Solomon. And thou wert forced to pay for it. Verily, I believe thou wilt live to repent of thy bargain.

While the lads of the village so merrily sit,
Sound their mortars and chant thy renown—
thou mayest be a knight among doctors, but thou wilt never be a doctor among knights. Seriously, methinks it will be long ere thy pocket recovers back the earnest thou paidst at the Herald's College.

Sir Gingerbread (to his next neighbour in a whisper). Dost thou think that he will be drunk presently.—(Aloud.) Pray, Dr. Rantipole, what is your opinion of the late assertion, that insanity is on the decline? Do you think that madness, by some specific action, is gradually assimilating itself to good sense?

Dr. Rantipole. Quite the contrary. I never dine with a party where there are not more lunatics than one constantly at table, the present company perhaps excepted.

Solomon. Is it true, friend Rantipole, that thou hast a controlling power in thine eye to fascinate a furious midman into obedience and tranquillity?

Cataract. That is a vulgar error, and ought to be exploded: it is like the department in which I practice—all my eyes are home-sighted.

Dr. Dietbread. Would not the suppression of all quackery by authority render the profession more honourable, and its legitimate members more opulent?

Dr. Rantipole. By no means. To a certain extent we all come under the denomination of empirics. The innovation you suggest would be as absurd as that of dispensing with wearing-

apparel in society. The gait of any one in which medicine is enveloped is its greatest protection—its *decus et tutamen*. If you come to lay it aside, all decent people will avoid you.

Dr. Ivory. My practice is very limited; but when I visit a patient I always explain the nature of the disease that afflicts him, and the operation of the medicines that are prescribed.

Dr. Rantipole. That is silly enough, and will reduce your practice to still narrower limits. On the other hand, it is my rule to look as wise as I can, and say as little as possible; indeed my reputation has been extended by imperturbable gravity and solemn silence. When a practitioner holds his tongue it is impossible to detect his ignorance; therefore in consultation I am inflexibly taciturn. I thus reap securely all the advantages attainable in my branch of the profession; practitioners in other departments of course pursue a policy of their own. Pray, *Ivory* (turning to the *Dentist*), how comes it that you have so much practice? Compared with your career of incessant occupation, mine, busy as it is, may almost be called a life of leisure.

Ivory. That circumstance naturally arises from the public taking more care of their teeth than of their understandings. Besides, my department of the profession is not merely scientific, but likewise ornamental. I can impart to the barren waste of an old mouth, disfigured by stumps, the regularity of the Regent's Crescent; convert the tusk of a sea-horse into a grinder; and so effectually supply organic defects of enunciation, that when any of my patients speak, the company present are filled with admiration at seeing a young head upon old shoulders. I have filed my way in the world.

Dr. Rantipole. Intruth, *Ivory*, it must be confessed that you are an old file. But without offence, I presume you continue to draw teeth; and the apartment where such operations are performed is of course your drawing-rooms.

Ivory. Draw teeth? No, I extract them. Drawing, as well as hanging, is now the proper function of the Royal Academicians; and such is their zeal and assiduity, that they would not willingly leave each other a single tooth remaining. But this is of little consequence; the profession is overstocked, and they can get little to eat. You, *Dr. Rantipole*, are often obliged to force your refractory patients to take food.

Dr. Rantipole. Of course they are bound to take my prescriptions. But, *Ivory*, the modern science appears to consist in the preservation of the teeth from decay.

Ivory. This is mere humbug, but at the same time very profitable. I profess to have both tinctures and powders which shall render those snags of perpetual duration; but you know that a dead body will compound itself with its kindred clay in the grave, and time will efface the inscription on the tombstone. The fashionable dentists of the present day affect to preserve teeth, just as some oculists, well known to Mr. Cataract, pretend to preserve the sight; but these powders and tinctures are wisely calculated to destroy both. Our profession, in all its branches, prospers by disease, and health is our only enemy. We thrive by disaster, and, like the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, "when others tremble, we rejoice." The delusions of modern refinement advance our interests: thus a safety-coach breaks the travellers' necks; a water-proof coat wets the wearer to the skin; and general education inflates obscure folly with vanity and conceit. Our particular line is of ancient date; but we, in speaking on this subject, Mr. Sharpset, mutually revert to barbarous times. Mr. Cowley, the Vaccinator, may be considered the only modern practitioner.

Mr. Cowley. My practice is certainly a modern discovery, which, with all its imperfections and failures, contributes a hopeful addition to the catalogue of diseases. Besides, vaccination is considered an act of providence by divines, and is sanctioned by parliament, who are indisputably the best judges of every thing in this world. But this department of medicine has been shamefully managed by depriving the practitioners of his just

remuneration, and allowing the public to inoculate themselves. What would you think, *Ivory*, if the public were to begin to draw their own teeth? What, Mr. Sharpset, would you do if a patient were to amputate his own leg? Let it be once established as the fashion for every man to be his own physician, surgeon, and apothecary, and the profession is annihilated.

Dr. Rantipole. I should remain adrift when you were all aground. My department would survive the extinction of yours. No lunatic could lock himself up in a madhouse by virtue of his own certificate, or put on the strait-waistcoat without assistance. The ladies could not dispense with the services of Dr. Forceps; and I presume, Mr. Hoofly, that no gentleman would permit his domesticated animals to perish without your valuable assistance.

Sharpset. Speaking of novelties, Mr. Hoofly, the dignity of a chiroreoon has been considerably degraded by the admission of a farrier and cow-leech,—a horse's shoemaker,—to the rank of a medical practitioner. Forgery is the basis of your art; and your principal operations are cropping of ears, nicking of tails, and other brutal mutilations.

Dr. Diethread. Mr. Sharpset, this is a very unprovoked and unbandsome attack on brother Hoofly. It is my duty to fine you a bumper.

All. Fine him! Fine him!

Mr. Hoofly. I rise, Mr. President, to inform you, that since I first became a member of this Club, I have been uniformly treated with disrespect by Mr. Sharpset. On the day of my admission he said I was a dancing-master; and when I asked for an explanation, he replied that I was in the habit of giving *balls*. When I called for a clean glass, he desired the waiter to bring me a *horn*. At our last meeting, when the conversation turned on dress, he asked who *groomed* me. To-day, at dinner, he recommended me to stick to the *curry*, and lamented that the landlord had not provided a supply of beans; and only five minutes ago he asked how I could drink with a *bit* in my mouth. Now if Mr. Sharpset does not mend his manners in future, and profit by the *check* he has received from the Chair, I shall be obliged to apply the whip in my own defence.

Dr. Diethread. Friends! Doctors! cease to disagree. You, Sharpset, will cut a little into the quick now and then; but a man of your mettle, Hoofly, should never wince at a trifle. Gentlemen, another bumper. I beg to—

[Doctor Forceps, the Accoucheur, rose ere the Chairman's toast was delivered, and presenting himself to the company, observed that Dr. Diethread was out of his reckoning, and had omitted to give the Ladies, the greatest friends of the profession.]

Dr. Diethread. If, gentlemen, in my endeavours to promote the harmony of this company I have unfortunately miscarried, I beg pardon. But Dr. Forceps, well-bred man as he is, has been somewhat premature: the toast I intended to give was "Breeding in all its branches."

Dr. Diapente. Pray, Mr. Sharpset, have you not been recently called in to perform a slight operation for my patient, Colonel Trumper?

Sharpset. I dissected him yesterday morning. He died of water in the chest.

Diapente. I always treated him for a bilious affection and relaxation of the stomach.

Sharpset. His liver and stomach were perfectly healthy.

Diapente. As he is dead it is the same thing. The knife lets out the secret, and the earth covers the blunder. I never had any hopes of him after he was reduced to half-pay. When a man can't see, he is as well out of the world. He told me he was getting poor, and I never called afterwards. Who the devil can drive a pair of horses twice for a guinea, and write Latin into the bargain?

Solomon. Who, dost thou think, among doctors, friend Diapente, writeth the best Latin?

Diapente. He that writes the most legible hand. If a man were to write pure Latin, friend Solo-

mon, you would not be able to understand the prescription.

Solomon. Verily, I believe thou wilt never put me to that trial. My file might be produced to prove that thy prescriptions are a miserable set of contractions,—Roman cripplies. Thy humbug is infinite, for thy words have no termination.

Diapente. Dammie if I prescribe *tandem* to please any body. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, is it not, Cataract? Waiter! snuff the candles! You were interrupted by Solomon, Dr. Rantipole, before you had finished your remarks upon the subject of insanity; I beg you will proceed.

Dr. Rantipole. In the present day books on insanity are mere romances,—the advertisements of madhouse-keepers, in whose metaphysical bazaars the traders in improbabilities have their separate establishments;—nurseries of folly,—hot-beds for the early growth of prejudice, which there vegetates under a perpetual *fram-work* for the *cleves* are never fit to be transplanted into society.

"The brood of folly without father bred."

Solomon. I suppose, friend Rantipole, thou canst penetrate as far into the human mind as into a millstone.

Rantipole. Yes, when it is cracked. But, Solomon, you are already sufficiently penetrated with strong drink. You had better go home.

Solomon. If thou thinkest I am saturated, I will retire to the bosom of Agatha.

President. What! friend Solomon, are you married?

Solomon. Not exactly. (Exit *curvilinearly*.)

Diapente. Pray, Mr. Sharpset, do you this year give the lectures at the College of Surgeons?

Sharpset. Really I am not qualified for such an undertaking. It is now the fashion to blend jacobinism with natural history, and nourish physiological doctrines with the milk of blasphemy; besides, my powers of panegyric are inadequate for the apotheosis of John Hunter.

Diethread. Gentlemen, charge your glasses; a bumper in solemn silence. Let us now embalm departed professional talent by an endearing and enduring recollection, and drink to the speedy restoration of its distinctive emblems, the *wig* and *canon*. (Here the waiter presented the bill.)

Dr. Forceps. Mr. Chairman, I think the bill has come before its time.

Dr. Diethread. Then, Doctor, I shall send it to you to settle the reckoning.

(*Exeunt dispersedly.*)

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.—On Thursday, *The Young Quaker*, a Comedy of O'Keefe's, was revived at this theatre. Those who remember it at all will perhaps remember it as a lively, improbable, and rather exhausted burlesque. It is a history of the adventures of a group of Quakers, Jew-Brokers, and Footmen. A military officer, who is afterwards turned into a lord, is thrown in to complete the absurdity and universality of the group. The dramatic personae fight their way through a succession of fooleries almost too old for laughter, and altogether too ridiculous for criticism; but as any thing is better than eternal repetitions, even of *Sweethearts and Wives* (of which the very Players are obviously tired,) *The Young Quaker* may be endured for its day. Miss Chester was Dinah Primrose, and very pretty she looked. In the more sentimental parts, she played with taste and feeling; in the more spirited, with animation and grace. Liston was Clod, a rustic footman; and though the dialogue is dull, he contrived to be very amusing, by the mere play of his countenance and the drollery of his gesture. Terry in the old Broker was sharp and sarcastic as usual: the character gave him con-

siderable room, and he performed it with great pleasantry.

Spanish Bonds, produced here last week, were at such a discount that we forgot to quote them. In fact they were mere waste-paper; and we do not like to waste any of ours.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Planché's pleasant little farce adapted from the French, succeeds better; and deserves its success, as a pretty variety among the entertainments at this House.

VAR IETIES.

London.—It is stated to us, and must give satisfaction to every lover of tasteful improvement, that it is the intention of the Commissioners for the improvement of the Western part of the Metropolis, under the sanction of Parliament, to remove all those unsightly buildings at the upper part of Charing Cross, and on that spot to erect an exact fac-simile of the Pantheon at Rome, with its matchless portico to face Whitehall. The exterior of this noble specimen of ancient architecture will form one of the finest ornaments that any modern city can boast; and the interior will be appropriated for public exhibitions.

Paris.—A new *Quartier*, which is to be called the *Chateau de Londres*, doubtless because it is supposed that a great many English will take up their abode in it, is about to be built in Paris, on the space comprehended between *E Allé d'Antin*, that *des Ventes*, and the road which terminates at the steam-engine of *Chailot*. This *Quartier* will consist of eight hundred habitations. It will be bounded on the South by the *Seine*, on the East and North by the *Champs-Élysées*, and on the West by *Chailot*. The four principal streets are already marked out; and there is to be a fountain in the centre, the foundations of which are at present even with the surface of the ground. A great quantity of building materials of every kind has been accumulated on the spot.

The *Griper*, which sailed from the *Nore* in May, for the purpose of continuing the series of observations on the *Pendulum*, arrived at the North Cape early in June, and was to remain at *Hammerfest*, for the first experiments, three weeks. *Spitzbergen* is the second latitude; the third is the highest attainable point on the east coast of *Greenland*; and the fourth and last at *Drontheim*.

Accounts have been received from Africa, announcing the arrival of *Dr. Oudney*, Major *Deham*, and *Lieut. Clapperton*, at *Bornon*, on the 17th of April.

Dr. Ledwich, author of the *Antiquities of Ireland*, died on the 8th at *Dublin*, aged 84.

The sciences have sustained a severe loss by the death of *M. De Lalande*, the intelligent and indefatigable traveller, who returned last year from the Cape of Good Hope loaded with the natural productions of South America. He had penetrated further than any of his predecessors, and corrected many of the mistakes of *Le Vaillant*. *Rhinoceros*, *hippopotamus*, &c. had fallen by his hand; and he had brought numerous spoils to enrich the *Musée de Jardin des Plantes*. A more able naturalist was never employed to augment that admirable collection.

Patriotism.—It is well known that *Major Martin*, who died some years ago in the service of the *English East India Company*, after having made an immense fortune, bequeathed a considerable legacy to the city of *Lyons*, his birthplace. A number of judicial

inquiries and proceedings took place with respect to this legacy. Among the rest, a commission was last summer sent by the *Court of Chancery* to *Lyons*, to examine witnesses and to receive depositions on the subject. Eventually the payment of the legacy has been directed by a decree of the *Supreme Court of Judicature* at *Calcutta*, dated the 2d of December 1822. The sum adjudged amounts to no less than 1,927,000 francs, above 80,000*l.* sterling; besides an annual payment of 12,500 francs for the relief of the inhabitants of *Lyons* confined for debt.

It is said that the proprietor of the *Observer Newspaper* has given £40,000 for the *Morning Chronicle*; other reports say only £17,000 with certain contingent instalments hereafter.

A Catalogue of the *Lansdowne Manuscripts*, containing the *Burghley*, *Cæsar*, and *Kennett Papers*, &c. has been printed by order of the Commission on Public Records.

A Historical and Geographical History of the Empire of China, by *Julius Klaproth*, is announced as "preparing for publication." It is to be on the model of *Hamilton's India*, and promises to be an important work; adding the information recently gathered by various travellers, &c. to the original matter contained in *Duhalde*.

Mr. Worthington is engraving an admirable design from the History of *John Gilpin*, by *Stothard*. The etching is, we find, nearly finished, and the subject and execution alike promise to make the work highly popular.

Good Marching.—A publication has recently appeared in Paris, called "Remarks on the French Infantry." The author seems to be strongly impressed with the truth of *Marshal Saxe's* maxim, "that the Art of War lies in the legs." Among other anecdotes, he mentions that a great General having asked a young Colonel whether his regiment marched well, and having received for answer, that all the inspecting officers declared that its manœuvres were admirable, observed, "You misunderstand me; when I ask if a regiment marches well, I mean, can it march at the rate of three leagues an hour?"

A more elegant compliment was perhaps never paid, even in the peculiar land of politeness, than that involved in the reply of the celebrated *Mercier* to the modest author of a very affecting Tragedy, who begged he would tell him what faults he observed in the work. "How could I see any faults? My spectacles were always too wet to allow me to discern them."

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

The British Essayists, new edit. 36 vols. royal 8vo. 8*l.* 8*s.*—Hooke's History of Rome, new edit. 6 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 3*s.*—Hunter's Memoirs of a Captivity among the North American Indians, new edit. with a Portrait, 8vo. 12*s.*—The Fire Eater, 12mo. 8*s.*—Court of Oberon, or Temple of the Fairies, 12mo. 6*s.* plain; 7*s.* 6*d.* col. Choice Pleasures for Youth, 12mo. 4*s.*—Wilke's Italian and French Pronunciation, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Hirsch's Integral Tables, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Bellinger's Dictionary of Idioms, 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*—Harris's Church Fellowship, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Zuphe's Life of Walton, small 12mo. 12*s.*; 8vo. 18*s.*—Scudamore on the Gout, new edit. 8vo. 1*l.*—Heid on Nervous Affections, new edit. 8vo. 12*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ambrosia is all but sufficiently polished for insertion. We have not seen *Dr. Crell's* publication.—*Mulo's* "Cave" a poor ending.—What could we say of the Vase presented to *Mr. Turner* by his Manchester pupils?—*C. Percy* had better consult an intelligent schoolmaster; as we could not give him the information he requests without knowing more of his views, &c.—We do not think the Correspondence on the Anglo-Roman School could be beneficially pursued farther.—We shall be happy to communicate with C, as requested.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS will close their present Exhibition, consisting of a Selection of Paintings in Water Colours, from the Collections of distinguished Patrons of Art, at their Gallery, 6, Pall Mall East, next Saturday, the 23d inst.—COPIES FILLED UP, next day.

Admission 1*s.*—Cashboxes 6*d.*

EDINBURGH ACADEMY.—The Directors of the Edinburgh Academy having contracted for Building the School, expect it will be ready to be opened on 1st October 1824. In the mean time, applications from Candidates for the situation of Masters, may be addressed to *John Russell*, Esq. 65, George-street, Edinburgh; Secretary; or *John Richardson*, Esq. 5, Fludger-street, Westminster.

SHADED MEDALLION WAFERS. In Boxes, containing One Hundred different Copies from ancient and modern Gems, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* Ditto, containing fifty, 10*s.* 6*d.* The Works of *Cæsar* and *Troilus*; the Kings and Queens of England; the Poison Medals; the *Cæsars*, two sizes; the Last Supper, after *Leonardo da Vinci*, &c. The above may be had of *Messrs. Thompson*, No. 1, Wellington-street, Waterloo-bridge, Strand. N.B. Shortly will be published Portraits of the King and Lord Byron, from Models by *Barnett*.

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